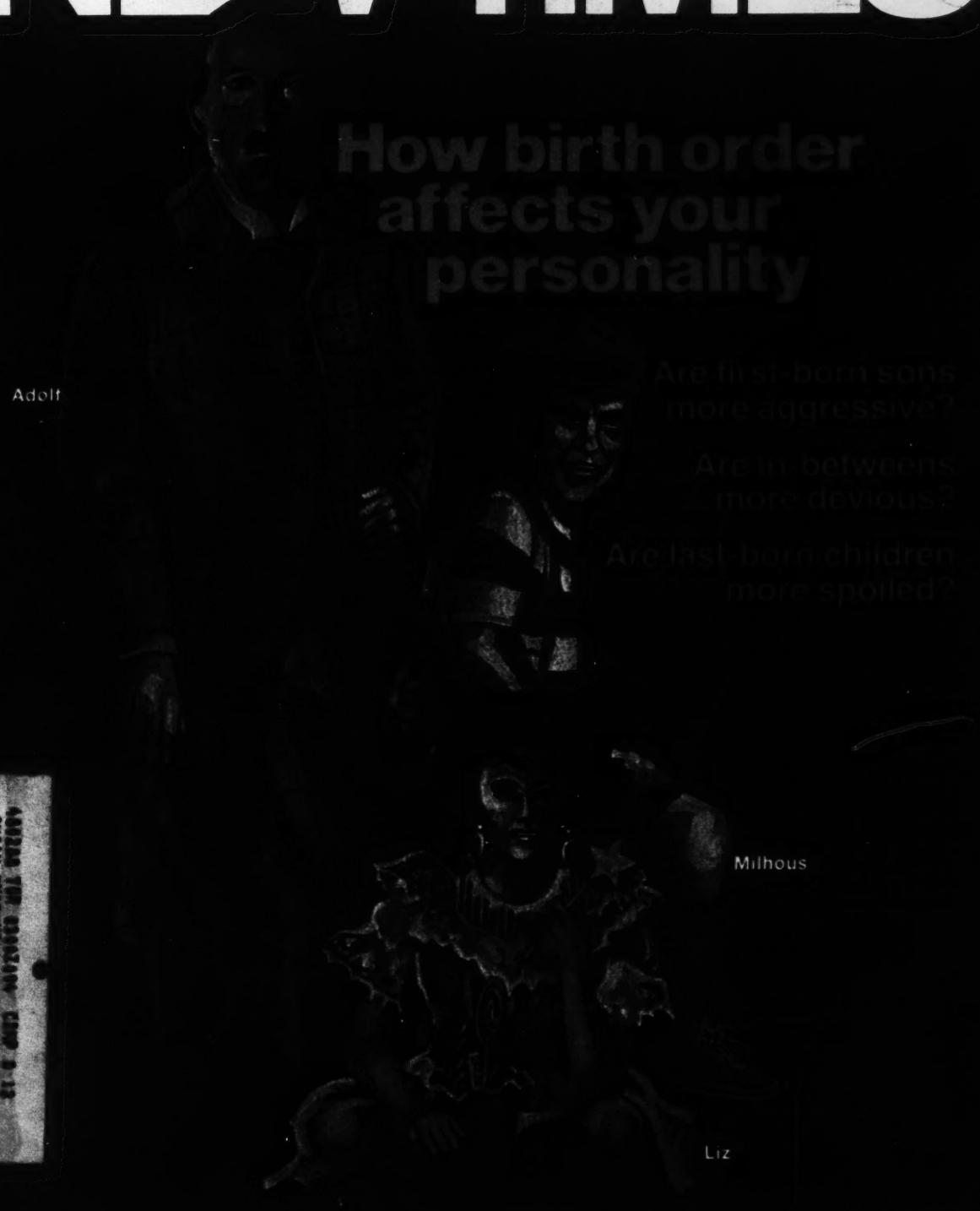
NEW TIMES



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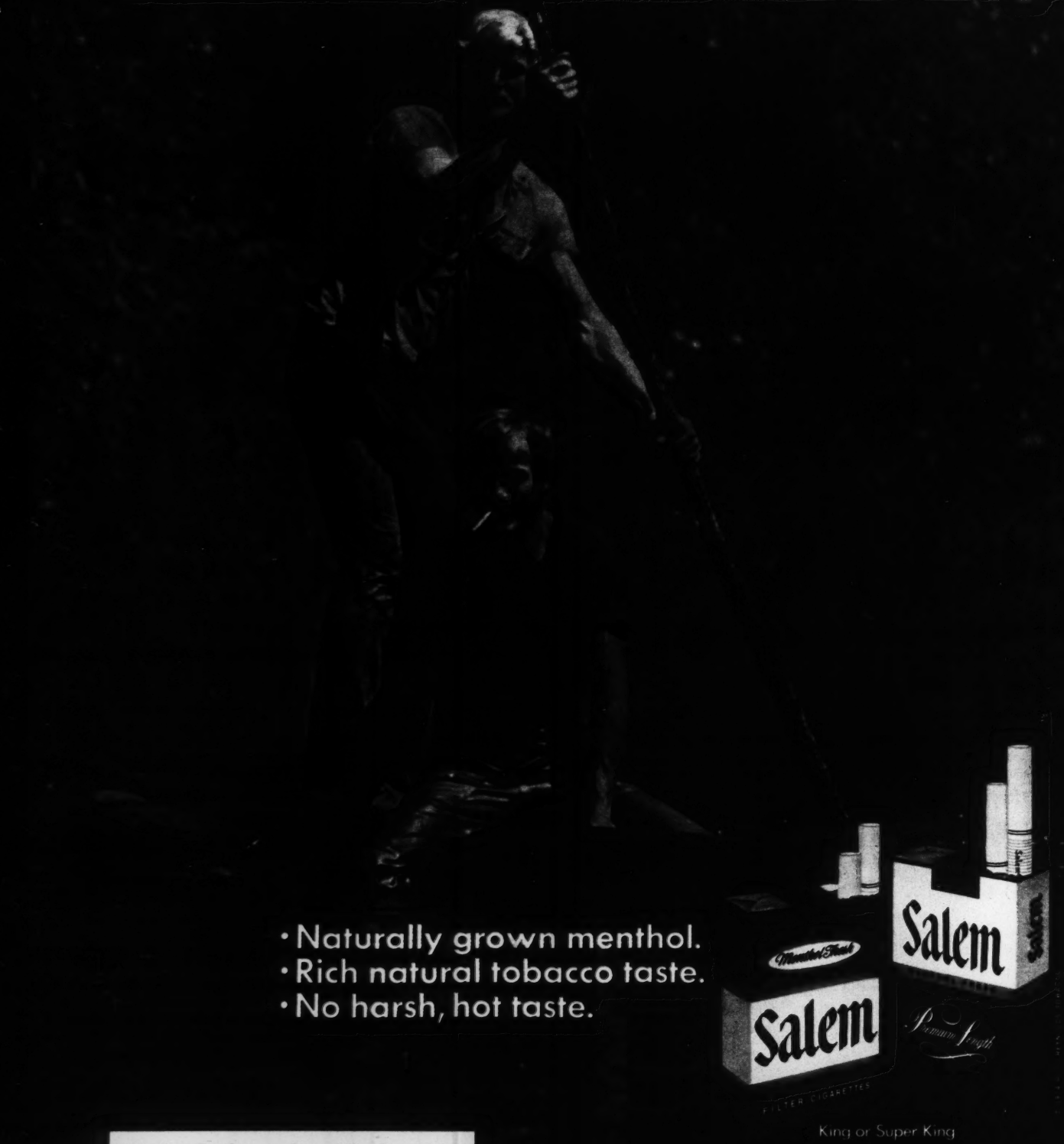

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NEW TIMES May 31, 1974, Volume 2, Number II

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The unquiet grave of Fred Hampton *Was the Chicago Black Panther leader murdered by police? Now—almost five years after the fatal raid—a chance remark by ex-Nixon aide Tom Charles Huston casts an eerie light on the FBI's role in the events* **By Bo Burlingham** 22

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Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE orders, change of address, etc. to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302
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Cover note: Although our cover and our cover story both refer to Adolf Hitler as an eldest son, the matter is a little more complex than that. Hitler's mother married three times. There were no children by the first marriage. By her second husband, Hitler's mother had two children, a son born out of wedlock and a daughter born three months after the marriage. By her third husband, she had two children before Adolf, both of whom died in infancy. After Adolf came another son, who died at the age of six, and a daughter who lived to adulthood.

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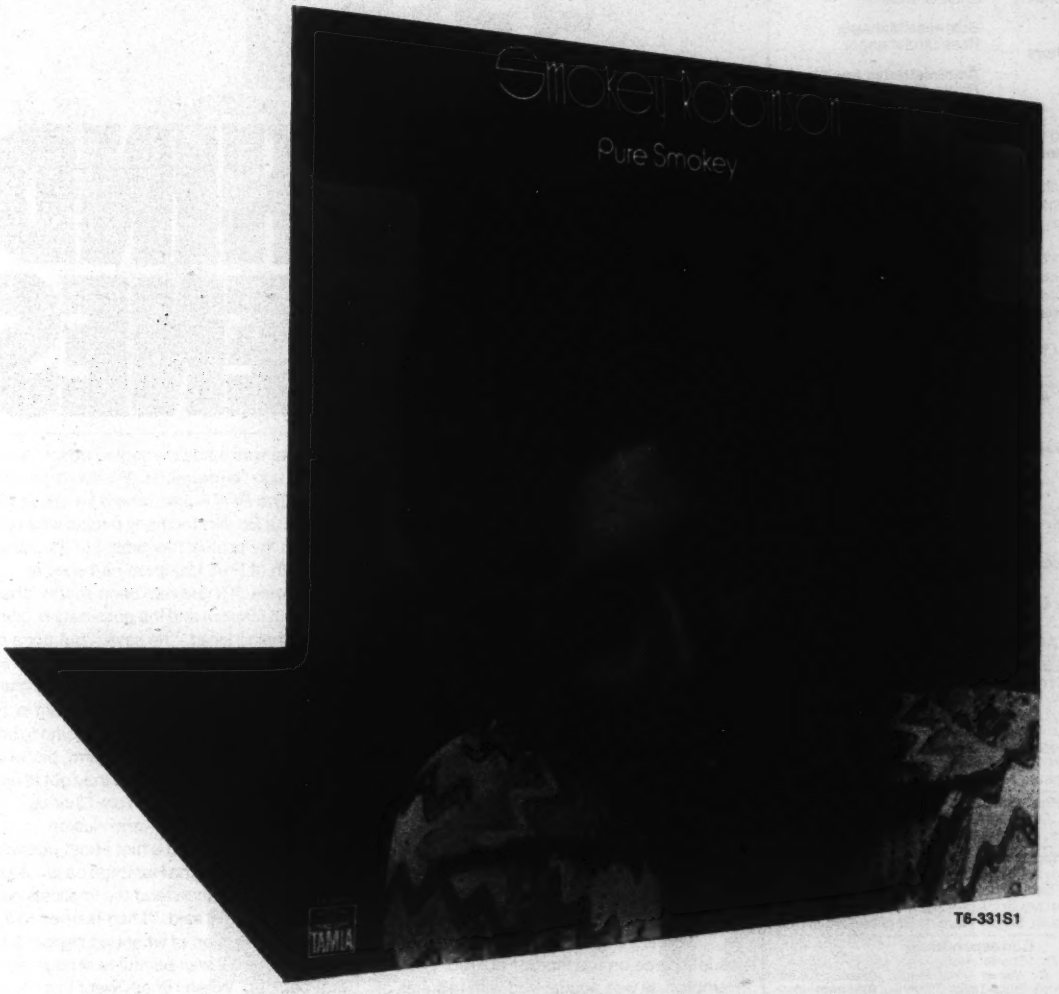
Pure Smokey.



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BEHIND THE SCENES

Bo Burlingham, the author of this issue's piece on the murder of Fred Hampton, is well acquainted with misuses of governmental power. A former Weatherman (he left the organization when it went underground), Bo was working as the news director of a radio station in Boston when a flash came over the wire: 13 Weatherpeople had been indicted in Detroit. "I thought, 'Fine,' " he recalls, " 'I'll make this the lead item on the news.' And then I saw the last name on the list, the one that followed all the people who had been hiding out for months—Robert Burlingham. I flipped out. I went home, hid out, then saw a lawyer and turned myself in the next day."

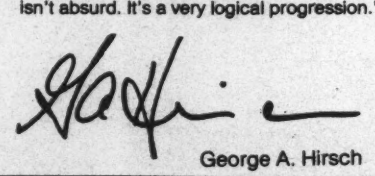
The case dragged on for more than three years, until October of last year when it was finally dismissed in Detroit. During that time Bo made a substantial journalistic name for himself on both coasts. He was a prominent contributor to both of the major alternate weeklies in the Boston area, *The Phoenix* and *Boston After Dark*, and in the late spring of 1972 he went out to California to join the staff of *Ramparts*. Within two weeks he was made managing editor. Six months ago he returned to Boston to join the staff of *The Real Paper*, where he still works.

For Bo, like for many people who were active in the protest movement of the '60s, the death of Fred Hampton had special significance. "There had been all this loose talk about fascism and the possibility of black leaders being killed," he says, "but none of us ever really believed it. Yet this was the real McCoy. Hampton may not have been a major figure in terms of the outside world, but in the movement we knew that he was going to be a giant. He was 21 years old—warm, brilliant and humorful—and his death truly got to us."

When Bo met with Tom Charles Huston six months ago—and Huston inadvertently dropped a hint about possible FBI involvement in the Hampton case—it took him a while to understand the implications of what Huston had said. "I had learned to live with the realization of what had happened," he says, "and it was painful to dredge all of that back up. When I finally went back to the news clips on the case, I was amazed how much I'd forgotten or repressed."

Bo spent weeks raking through all the new evidence on the case—much of it on the public record—in piecing together his report on the Hampton case. The conclusions he draws are chilling, all the more so because the research behind it is so scrupulous.

But, Bo points out, it is important to see the Hampton case in its historical context. "There's no way you can understand Watergate without understanding the first two years of the Nixon administration. Without understanding that—the repression and the turmoil—everything that comes after is completely absurd. But it isn't absurd. It's a very logical progression."



George A. Hirsch

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LETTERS

A foolish consistency is . . .

Your abuse of forms of address for women indicates an abysmal ignorance of the feminist movement—which is unarguably a major element of the new times of which you claim to be a product.

The problem is threefold: you consistently address women by their first names and men by their last; when you do use a woman's last name, it invariably occurs with the title *Miss* or *Mrs*; and when the title *Ms* makes an infrequent appearance, it becomes quite apparent that you haven't got the slightest sense of how it's supposed to be used.

The use of first names for women and last names for men is a particularly demeaning stylistic device. It conveys an implied familiarity with women that is not expressed toward men. In the May 3 issue you refer to Barbara Hershey/Seagull as *Barbara* and to Patricia Hearst as *Patty*. What gives you the right to call these women by their first names? And why do you call all men in the issue by their last names (with the exception of Steve Weed, who gets first-named by correspondent Roger Rapoport—but in this instance it seems that Rapoport's relationship with Weed might warrant such use; he does avoid, however, calling Weed "Stevie," which is the equivalent of "Patty")?

Ms was created as a title that would not classify women on the basis of marital status (the implication of *Miss/Mrs.* is that women need to advertise so that men will know who's taken and who's available). *Ms* is simply the female counterpart of *Mr.* Yet, it is *Mrs.* and *Miss* that occur almost uniformly in *NEW TIMES*, while *Mr.* is rarely (if at all) used to address men. If you believe that the new times require the use of *Ms* (and its sporadic appearances in *NEW TIMES* suggest that you do), it follows that you would refuse to keep women mounted on their traditional pedestal. The most direct way you could indicate your desire to see the end of the debilitating cult of femininity would be to address women in a way that parallels the way you address men.

You may argue that you lack control over your correspondents' work, but I doubt you have abdicated that much editorial power. What I suggest is that you establish a *consistent* set of guidelines on forms of address for women, and that you tighten up your editing to enforce these guidelines. Such a statement of editorial policy would emphasize:

1) *consistency*: if men are referred to by last name only, women should be, too; if a title must be used, then *Ms* is appropriate for *all* women, as *Mr.* is for all men. Whatever the decision, it should apply to all men and women throughout the magazine.
2) *first names*: women should not be labeled by first names unless men are, too.
3) "*women*": are just that, women—not ladies, blond(e)s, chicks, girls, etc.; these are all terms of derision and diminution.

Obviously, any such policy would allow deviation for the sake of style (examples: *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pitman* sounds better with the *Miss* than without it; *Happy and Rocky* is fine—as long as you don't revert to *Governor Rockefeller and Happy*. If you don't get the hang of it, ask your reviewers, particularly Frank Rich and Anne Schneider, whose writing is notable for, among other things, the consistency of forms of address.

For a magazine that promotes itself as the harbinger of new times, you seem curiously encumbered by some very old notions. To establish yourself as an independent newsweekly, you must develop a voice and tone unique among magazines. Yet, unless you put an end to the current editorial anarchy and impose forms on and prepare guidelines for your correspondents, you will continue as a collection of writers each speaking in his or her own distinct little voice.

You advertise yourself as *NEW TIMES*, the magazine that cares "whether it really relates to the different way you (the reader) think and feel and live today." If your name is ever to mean anything, you'll establish a policy on women that assures them verbal equality (at least) with men. Be consistent and be aware that in these new times, the way we say things is as important as what we say; form means as much as content.

Steven Wolf
Brown University '75

Editor's Note: Your Ms manifesto has been tacked up on the bulletin board for reference.

A million more

Bravo!! for Miss Totenberg's article on "Stupid Congressmen."

Her no-nonsense, straightforward style is what we need so badly. This country could use a million more like her. Keep up the excellent reporting.

Russell M. Rice
New York, New York

Drab retread

Your "Watergate Mother Goose" (May 17) feature was not only a drab attempt at retread political humor in a style reminiscent of *Mad* magazine, but totally unfunny in comparison to the "Dumbest Congressman" piece.

God knows Nixon is a jackass, but what chance do we have for impeachment in a Congress where clowns are so numerous?

John Strong
Bronx, New York

Taking our licks

An article which appeared in a recent issue of *NEW TIMES* (April 19) concerning McDonald's introduction of fried chicken into test markets included a picture of Ronald McDonald captioned "Ronald McDonald: finger-lickin' good."

For your information, "it's finger lickin' good" is a registered trade and service mark of our Company, covering fried chicken and restaurant services, respectively. This phrase is a most valuable asset of our Company, and I'm certain you'll understand our concern over its improper use and our request that you cease from improperly using the mark.

We would very much appreciate it if you would make note of our ownership of the phrase "it's finger lickin' good" for fried chicken and for restaurant services to insure against its improper use in the future.

Edward E. Ellis
Vice President & General Counsel
Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation

Editor's Note: Our apologies to the Colonel.

More power to the reader

I must inform you that your magazine is the worst magazine I have ever laid my eyes on. And I must know, as I receive fifty-two (52) magazines and thirty-four (34) newspapers from all over the world. (Not counting professionals, etc.)

Yours is the only one that takes me two hours to read, laugh, cry and ponder. The only good thing about it is that it does not come every day, but should you decide to do just that, count me as charter subscriber # 1 (one).

You dirty S.O.B.s!
More Power to the Press—
Most affectionately yours,

Leon Boyar, D. Sc.
New York, New York

Irritated

While on the whole I enjoyed reading *NEW TIMES* for the first time, Stuart Werbin's article on the Academy Awards (May 3) left me quite irritated. The story itself was humorous, except for one uncalled for statement: ". . . If the streaker had turned out to be a disguised Jesuit priest, come to comdemn George Roy Hill for making a film about gambling." Although it may have been a poor attempt at a joke, the implications are anti-Catholic.

If Mr. Werbin were not so ignorant, he would have found that the Jesuits are among the most educated and open-minded orders of priests. He will also find that *The Sting* has not been banned or "condemned" by the Roman Catholic Church.

I think an apology by Mr. Werbin is called for.

Carol Ann Quigley
East Meadow, New York

How dumb is dumb?

Congratulations to Nina Totenberg for a brilliant article on political stupidity ("The ten dumbest congressmen," May 17). After reading it, I was reminded of a suggestion I made rather facetiously to friends several years ago. While noting that low-level bureaucrats are required to meet minimum Civil Service qualifications (supposedly in order to select those with the greatest ability), I proposed that candidates for federal office be required to take a similar test for the same reasons, with the results to be made public. At the time, this proposal provided some hearty laughs. Ms Totenberg's article has suggested that perhaps it should not have been dismissed so readily.

In reality, though, there seems to be little that can be done to curb the stupidity surplus in Washington. As Friedrich Schiller, the German dramatist, noted, "Against stupidity the very gods fight in vain."

Denis Stadther
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

"House at Pooh Corner"/"Danny's Song"/"You Could Break My Heart"/"Lady of My Heart"/"Long Tail Cat"/"Listen to a Country Song"/"Holiday Hotel"/"Just Before the News"/"Angry Eyes"/"Golden Ribbons"/"Another Road"/"Vahevala"/"Back to Georgia"/Trilogy: "Lovin' Me," "To Make a Woman Feel Wanted," "Peace of Mind"/"Your Mama Don't Dance"/"Nobody but You."

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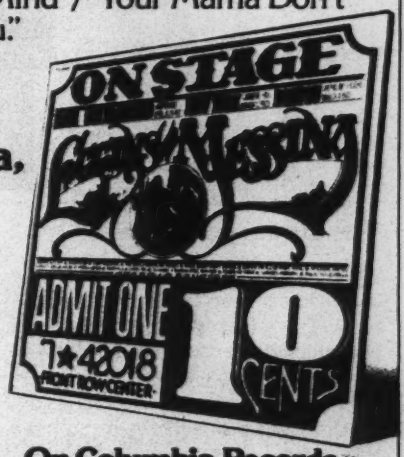

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Musical event of the . . . year?
Bill Buckley holds his fire

THE WORD

The kindly godfather

William F. Buckley, who has been known to demolish guests by merely arching his lethal eyebrows, was party to an uncharacteristic cease-fire May 10 when Watergate burglar E. Howard Hunt was his guest on a show taped at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee.

As he conceded on camera, Buckley is the godfather of Hunt's children and the executor of his wife's estate. Their incongruous 23-year-old friendship certainly stood Hunt in good stead. The secrecy surrounding the taping put the CIA veteran in his element. His identity was not revealed to the local panel of three who were to question him until the night before the taping, and the small student audience was kept ignorant until shortly before the cameras rolled. Campus security guards clustered at the scene playing at being Secret Service men, and—the final cloak-and-dagger touch—Buckley and Hunt conversed exclusively in Spanish during the drive from the airport.

Buckley insisted that the interview was entirely unrehearsed, but Hunt's own lawyer could not have done a friendlier job of drawing out his story: that the $120,000 he requested was not blackmail but family support which intelligence services routinely provide agents captured by "the enemy." Buckley kept his eyebrows even and his questions tame, and at one point even advised Hunt not to answer a panelist's potentially embarrassing question.

Hunt, who is out of jail pending an appeal, said after the show that he was afraid the White House transcripts would damage his case: "They may say, 'If we can't hang him as a thief, let's hang him as a blackmailer.' "

Buckley and Hunt: an uncharacteristic cease-fire

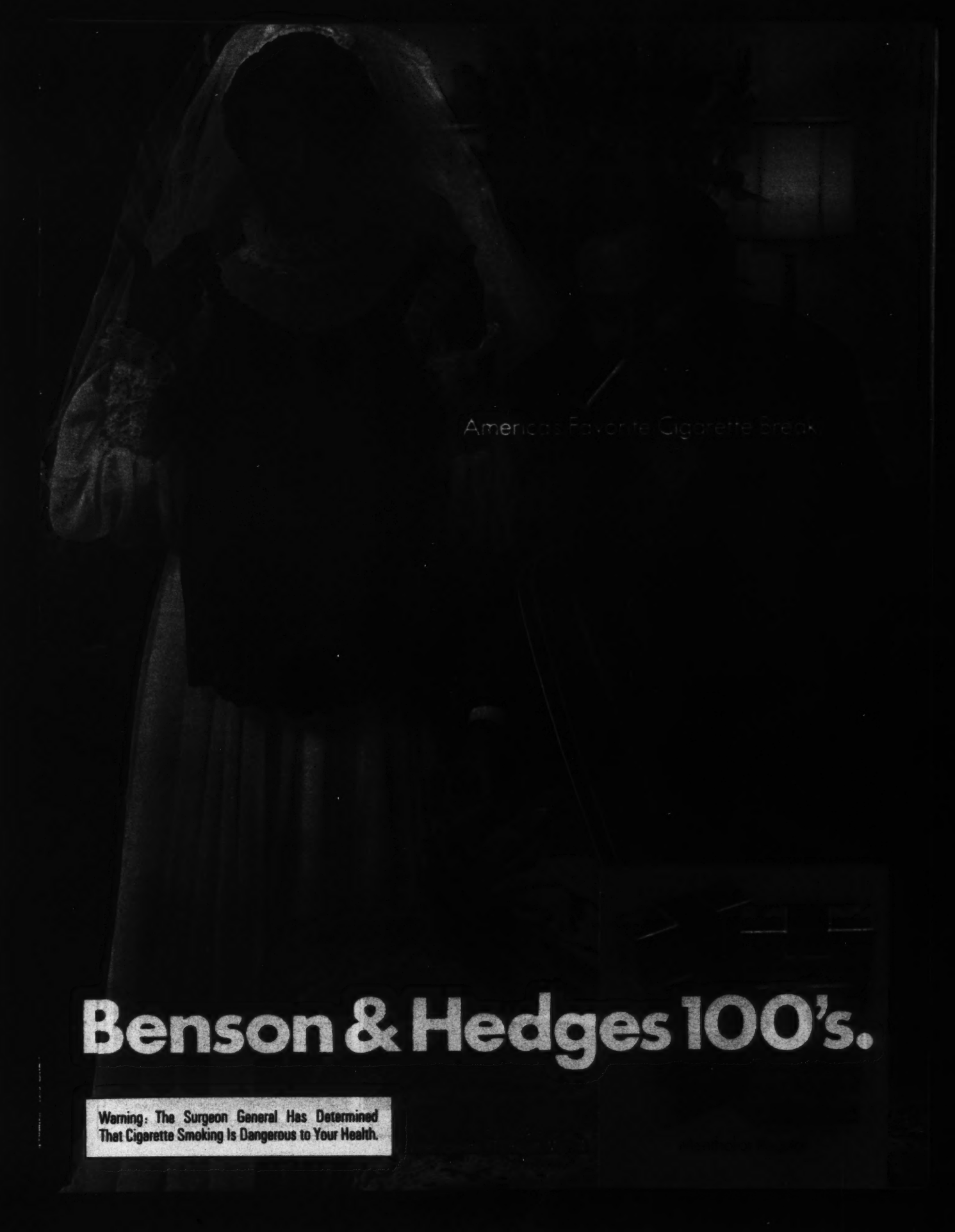
All in the family

Miss Rona, as Rona Barrett likes to be called, is not known for the impeccable accuracy of her reportage, but on the assumption that where there's smoke there may be fire, here's the latest: When Elton John was recently invited to dine with Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother at Windsor Castle (20 minutes from Elton's digs), his faux pas at table (he purportedly sprinkled sugar on his steak—then ate it) seem to have been matched only by those of Margaret herself. As Elton was changing into his costume, according to Rona, the Princess wandered into his dressing room, unannounced, and proceeded to examine his elaborate costume for 15 minutes. The catch? Mr. John's costume, the whole time, remained on the chair beside him—he was wearing only his bikini underwear. Elton John's only official comment: "They made me feel like one of the family."

Son of Bangla Desh

When it was all over, the man who had organized it, Phil Ochs, called it "the biggest musical event of the '70s." One hopes not, but "An evening with Salvador Allende" was certainly "big" by any standard. Thrown together in the space of a few weeks to raise money for a group called Friends of Chile (supporters include Jules Feiffer, Allen Ginsberg, Norman Mailer, Susan Sontag, Eugene McCarthy), the benefit held in Manhattan's Felt Forum on May 9 drew a $30,000 profit, 5,000 spectators and a blue-ribbon group of performers and celebrities. Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Mike Love (Beachboys), Dave Von Ronk, Melanie and Bob Dylan sang, Ramsey Clark and Daniel Ellsberg gave speeches, Dennis Hopper read Allende's last speech, and Julien Beck's Living Theater raised consciousness with a gruesome

Bob Dylan: political at last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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

portrayal of South American tortures.

By the time Dylan got to the stage, some five hours after it had all begun, he was high enough on wine to be bouncing off the microphones, but Dylan is Dylan, and this was his first political outing since the Bangla Desh concert. Ochs, who organized the benefit because his friend, Victor Jara, the poet of Chilean miners, had been tortured to death following the coup, had gone to Dylan beforehand ("he was drunk and I was drunk") and said, "Aren't you, in fact, just a kid from Minnesota? And in your song, 'North Country Blues,' about unemployed iron-range miners, didn't you write these words: 'Ah, it's much cheaper down in the South American towns, where the miners work only for nothing'?" Without further argument, Dylan, the former poet of the iron-ore miners of the Mesabi Range, agreed to perform for free. And how did the evening go over? Well, Dylan thought it was great. "This is," he announced backstage between swigs of Inglenook wine, "better than the concert for Bangla Desh."

Flash McQueen

Three sound stages, a writers' building and the executive offices of the Samuel Goldwyn Studios burnt to the ground May 6 when a set for the children's TV series *Sigmund and the Sea Monsters* was hit by a flash fire. As the thick, acrid smoke billowed into the skies over Hollywood, Steve McQueen was one of the first fire truck chasers on the scene, using the opportunity, he explained, to research his role as a fire chief in the 20th Century Fox-Warner Bros. co-production of *The Towering Inferno*. Although only 30 percent of the studio was destroyed, a certain amount of memorabilia was lost. Hardest hit was director Billy Wilder, who shot many of his best films (*The Apartment, Some Like It Hot*) on the lot and who still maintains offices there. Across town at Universal Studios, where he is currently filming the third movie version of *The Front Page*—this time to star Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett—Wilder was bitterly philosophic. "Things could always be worse," he said. "Hitler could have won World War II."

Steve McQueen: some like it hot

Groucho Marx: name-dropping

Groucho in Glitterland

Rock performers are often fans at heart, which is why the guest of honor at a number of recent Los Angeles rock parties has been none other than Groucho Marx, who has been seen lunching with Alice Cooper, chatting with Gary Glitter and dining with Led Zeppelin. The only problem is that amid all the requests for his autograph, Groucho has a hard time keeping the rockers straight. Leaving a banquet held for Led Zeppelin at the genteel Bel-Air Hotel (the first time the hotel has condescended to allow a rock event on its premises), Groucho turned to his host, Ahmet Ertegun, president of Atlantic Records, and said in all sincerity, "Thank you Ahmet. I enjoy your singing very much."

Cuckoo Nest redux

Ever since 1963, when he starred in the Broadway adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, Kirk Douglas has been anxious to see the play made into a movie. For one thing, he sincerely believes in the play's message and worth. For another, he owns the options to the film rights. The problem for the last 11 years has been that Dale Wasserman, who adapted the novel for the stage, also claimed the rights, and as a result the property has been tied up in legal entanglements. Those have now been resolved, and Douglas's son Michael, in his first outing as producer, has signed up Milos Foreman to direct the upcoming film version. What about Kesey? He was originally asked to write the screenplay, but, well . . . his version of his own story apparently did not measure up.

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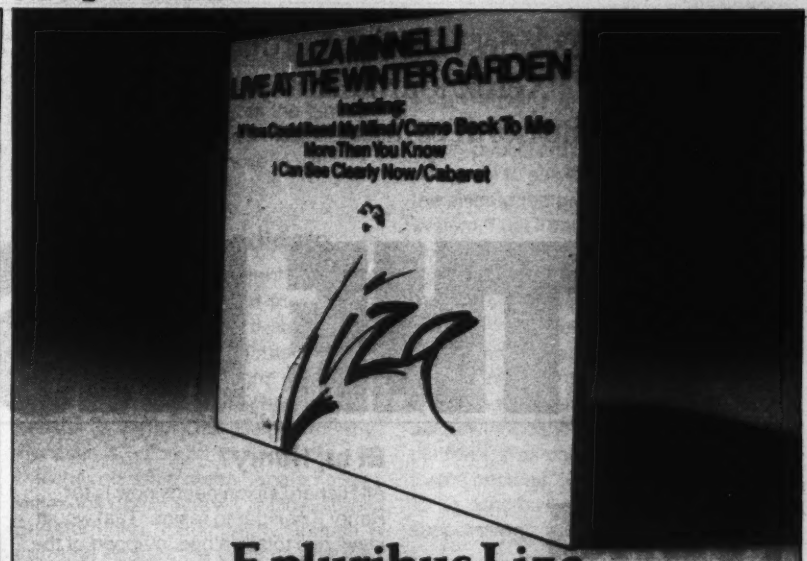
The Prince Charles Stakes

He may not be the brightest, richest, most handsome or hippest bachelor available, but "Bonnie" Charles *is* going to be King of England some day—and the woman he marries gets to be Queen. It's no wonder, then, that in a country where there are already an estimated 500,000 compulsive gamblers, British bookies are doing a brisk business on their new Royal Handicap, the Prince Charles Stakes. Leading, at 10 to 1 odds, is Princess Marguerita of Rumania. She's 24 years old, and at least has the advantage of having *met* the Prince—more than can be said for Princess Caroline of Monaco, 18, who's being graced with 8 to 1 odds.

Prince Charles: looking for a Queen



E pluribus Liza.

Out of many, one—the myriad facets that make up Liza Minnelli comprise a major jewel.

Clive Barnes describes her in The New York Times: "Urchin hair, big gypsy eyes, good legs, lovely expressive hands, and a voice that can purr, whisper, snarl and roar."

Liza Minnelli, in full bloom at the Winter Garden, alive and kicking (and singing and dancing), during her recent no-holds-barred, all-stops-pulled, sell-out three-week stand.

Her one-woman show is now a showstopper of an album. "Liza Minnelli Live at the Winter Garden." On Columbia Records and Tapes

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THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Sam Ervin, one of Nixon's 34?

Sam Ervin, the chairman of the Senate Watergate Committee, is not as sure a vote for impeachment as most people believe. Although he clearly abhors much of what took place in the Nixon White House and just recently defended John Dean, Ervin has said he accepts with only slight reservations the White House view that impeachable offenses must be indictable defenses. Moreover, Ervin recently told a surprised Watergate Committee aide that he is not sure the transcripts show that Nixon was involved in obstruction of justice. The staff member quoted Ervin as saying, "solid, irrefutable evidence of a crime" was needed to convince him to vote against Nixon when impeachment reaches the Senate.

Ervin: not so sure

Et tu, Henry?

All Richard Nixon needs now is for Henry Kissinger to resign. That would leave him totally alone, stripped of the last vestige of credibility and possible honor in the history books. What foreign leader would talk to him without Henry around to set it up?

Whether Kissinger is contemplating such a move is, of course, a difficult question to answer. A man who can hide from the press secret trips to China, not to mention his marriage plans, is a hard nut to crack. But at least two reports from major private foundations indicate that the Secretary of State has suddenly changed his tone as to possible job offers outside of government. Whereas two months ago, Kissinger rebuffed any suggestion of taking another job, now he listens politely and asks questions. No one is close enough to Kissinger to really know, but some who know him better than others are convinced that if he can achieve peace in the Mideast, he would seize that moment of personal triumph to retire. "To assume Henry is committed to '76," says one of the highest government officials, "is a mistake."

Looking for a new job?

Nixon's good Father

The Jesuit community is less than pleased with the recent activities of Father John McLaughlin, the Jesuit priest the White House keeps trotting out to assure the nation of Nixon's morality. Not only has the good Father publicly defended the President's language and his ethics as reflected in the White House transcripts, but McLaughlin also leads a life of apparent conspicuous consumption—something you just don't do if you are a humble Jesuit.

McLaughlin, now dubbed in Washington as the "Watergate priest," wasn't always a Nixon loyalist. Coming from a long line of Rhode Island machine Democrats, he toyed with the idea of running in the 1970 Democratic primary against Senator John O. Pastore.

He eventually decided that was futile and ran instead as a liberal Republican to the left of Pastore. During

McLaughlin: about to be collared?

that campaign, McLaughlin advocated a quick withdrawal of all troops from Vietnam. But by 1971 he had joined the White House staff and was defending U.S. involvement as a "just war."

Why his recent political transformation? Reportedly he is aiming at a seat on the Federal Communications Commission. McLaughlin got his doctorate in communications. But his transformation may be for naught because to get the FCC seat, he would need the approval of his old nemesis, Senator Pastore, who chairs the committee that oversees FCC appointments.

Today, McLaughlin lives in the plush Watergate apartments in Washington and dresses in sartorial splendor instead of a Roman collar. The efficiency apartment in which he first lived when he moved to Washington, McLaughlin says, was "not conducive to the social requirements" of his job at the White House. However, since he does not drink or smoke, McLaughlin says his lifestyle cannot really be compared to that of "King Herod."

The Jesuit defends his comfortable living conditions by claiming that his vow of poverty is a vow of dependence, not a vow of economic deprivation. Other Catholic theologians disagree. Said one, "That's baloney. A vow of poverty means you are not supposed to have any of the things of this world other than necessities."

McLaughlin's lifestyle, not to mention his theological defense of the President, could get him in deep trouble with the Church.

Father Richard Cleary, who is in charge of all Jesuit priests from the New England area, says that he is making an investigation into the McLaughlin matter. Rome made some inquiries about McLaughlin several months ago, says Father Cleary, adding that "naturally there is some concern."

Father Cleary in recent months has tried in vain to meet with McLaughlin. Now, he says it is urgent. Concludes Cleary, "We're just trying to get at the facts, and when I've determined what they are I will have something more to say."
— **Nina Totenberg**

The bankers' candidate

Senator J. William Fulbright has never been known as any great friend of the banking industry. Nevertheless, banking sources have contributed at least $20,000 to help Fulbright defend his seat in an uphill primary fight against Arkansas Governor Dale Bumpers. Why? Because if Fulbright loses on May 28, the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will fall to Alabama Senator John Sparkman. Sparkman is currently head of the Banking and Currency Committee. If he decided to take up the Senate Foreign Relations chairmanship, he would have to yield his position on the banking committee to—and this is what scares hell out of the bankers—liberal Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire.

Some Capitol Hill observers erroneously have presumed that Sparkman wouldn't want the Foreign Relations spot. But as one aide close to

Fulbright: convoluted backing

Sparkman put it, "The door wouldn't touch his ass, he'd be gone from Banking so fast."

Fulbright, by the way, has some other illustrious campaign contributors, including Erich Fromm, John Kenneth Galbraith, Clark Clifford and W. Averell Harriman.

Nixon's slips are showing

If Freud were alive today, he might want to put Richard Nixon on his couch to analyze his "Freudian slips." In his highly publicized State of the Union slip, he meant to ask Congress to "replace the discredited present welfare system," but it came out as a request to "replace the discredited President." At a subsequent press conference, when asked his definition of "an impeachable offense," the President began talking about "an impeachable defense." And then at the recent opening of EXPO-74 in Spokane, when he turned to acknowledge the dignitaries on the platform, Washington Governor Daniel Evans became "Governor Evidence."

Und how long haf you been suppressing zis angst, Richard?

If it's any consolation . . .

It is no secret to anyone that if Nixon does not resign and impeachment proceedings are prolonged until next November, the political future of just about every congressional Republican would be at stake. However, if the proceedings are prolonged even further, into 1975, it is interesting to note that Jerry Ford's own political future might be affected. According to the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution, "No person who has held the office of President or acted as President for more than two years of a term to which some other person was elected President shall be elected to the office of President more than once."

Thus, if Nixon resigns or is impeached and convicted this year, Ford would be president for more than two years of Nixon's term and would consequently be eligible to run for only one more term instead of two.

Louisiana State case stronger than Kent State

The Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, which earlier this year finally pushed Kent State indictments through a grand jury, is now about to take on the case of the shootings at Southern Louisiana University in November, 1972. On November 16 of that year, during a campus disturbance, two students were killed when Louisiana sheriff's deputies fired a shotgun blast from the rear. At the time, Louisiana authorities refused to act on the incident. Now, say Justice sources, lawyers working on the case feel they

have pinpointed who among the deputies was responsible for the slayings. "It is as tight a case, perhaps tighter, than Kent State," said one such source. Included in the evidence is what is said to be a particularly damning FBI report on the incident. The Justice Department will take the case to a New Orleans grand jury later this month.

Kleindienst: job's a job

A lot of good it'll do them

The radical Algerian government, which once gave haven to the likes of Eldridge Cleaver, has retained as its lawyer in the U.S. none other than Richard Kleindienst, Nixon's former law-and-order attorney general.

SEVENTIES

Unseemly elegance

By now it has been widely reported that the *S.S. France*, one of the dying breed of ocean liners, may have just completed its last round-the-world cruise. The high cost of fuel and the low number of monied passengers who can afford such luxury have combined to sabotage its financial feasibility.

Above all, perhaps, the *France*—and the age of elegance it represents—is doomed because it has simply become obsolete in today's world. Case in point: on its last trip the *France* made an unprecedented stop in the People's Republic of China. The passengers were put up in a fine Canton hotel, where some of them proceeded to rip off just about anything they could lay their uncalloused hands upon—lacquered tea canisters, teacups, combs, laundry bags, ashtrays, sandals, you name it, they packed it away in their suitcases.

While such behavior is accepted with resignation by American and European hotels, young Communist Party members have been known to be sentenced to jail for less. The Chinese, in short, were appalled. Cooks Tours, which set up the little escapade, was handed a list by the Chinese naming each guest who had taken something. Cooks, of course, made the necessary apologies to the Chinese—and immediately dropped the embarrassing matter.

Fly me and I'll move my tail

The Steward & Stewardess Division of the Airline Pilots Association has protested plans by Continental Airlines for a new advertising campaign featuring the slogan: "We'll move our tails for you." A union official informed the airline that the slogan represented "a movement back years in time for Continental to a period when all flight attendants were unfairly held out as sex objects." The union says that the ad campaign also violates civil-rights laws and the Federal Aviation Act.

To add insult to injury the company prepared a film to help stewardesses cope with what it admitted might be one result of the ad campaign, suggesting witty retorts to any provocative questions. For example:

Passenger: "Will you move your tail for me?"

Stewardess: "Why, is it in the way?"

The Fingernail Man bites again

A woman steps outside the lecture hall. A man approaches to ask directions to the administration building. She points. He bites—her fingernails. The Fingernail Man strikes again. The elusive chomper has left officials at the State University of New York at Binghamton in a nail-biting quandary. Since October, at least 15 women—most of them staff personnel—have lost their fingernails while giving directions or relaying the time. "We're taking this very seriously," the university's public relations man, Mitchell Pearlstein, said, examining his nails. The Fingernail Man could be a student, but no one has been able to put his finger on him. Descriptions of the man concur—down to his fingernails, which are reportedly bitten to the quick.

Custer's last stand makes a last stand

The Indians, it seems, can no longer afford to whip General Custer again, according to Big Horn County Special Events, Inc., the corporation that produces the annual reenactment of

Custer's Last Stand. The corporation is in debt $2,900 from cost overruns during the past two years. Fearing a reduction in summer travel this year, the 1973 Battle of the Little Big Horn may really have been the final last stand.

Go north, young men

Ten years ago 11,000 Americans moved to Canada while 51,000 Canadians moved south of the border. During the late '60s, 20,000 draft dodgers made the same trip north for political reasons. But now with the draft over, how does one explain the fact that last year alone still another 27,000 Americans emigrated to Canada while only 18,500 Canadians immigrated to the States?

The facts speak for themselves: Toronto, with a population of 2.6 million, has the lowest crime rate in North America. Last year Toronto had 41 homicides, all of them solved, while Detroit had 693. Toronto had 1,594 robberies last year, Montreal had 2,251 robberies and Detroit had 17,170. Furthermore, Toronto has the most modern transportation system in the world, and its streets are safe and clean.

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

Frank and Norma Bolick moved to Canada because Montana was too crowded

"We had the standard complaints," says 28-year-old Gene Turner, an American who left his Manhattan advertising job to move to Toronto. "Violence, dirty air, screwed-up politics. We just decided there's got to be a better way to live."

MEDIA

By John Leo

A Pulitzer for "Xerox journalism"?

The Pulitzer Prize for national reporting was awarded jointly this year to Jack White of the Providence *Journal-Bulletin* for disclosures about Nixon's tax returns and James Polk of the Washington *Star-News* for his stories on Vesco. The award was immediately tarnished when Dr. William McGill, president of Columbia University, complained that he and several of the university trustees, who bestow the Pulitzers, considered White's articles examples of "Xerox journalism"—meaning that White was simply the lucky recipient of a leak and shouldn't be honored for just opening his mail or answering the phone.

Members of the Washington press corps, who felt Polk certainly deserved the award for his hard work on breaking the story on Vesco's secret $200,000 Nixon campaign contribution, were equally unhappy about White's award. "There's just no way to compare the work and the talent involved in both stories," says a New York *Times* Washington reporter. "Polk is a great journalist and White was handed his story."

The issue is a good one. The New York *Times* got an over-the-transom Pulitzer for receiving and printing the Pentagon Papers two years ago, and Jack Anderson got one for revealing the Nixon pro-Pakistan tilt, courtesy of a leak from the Pentagon spy ring. Presumably, the Pulitzer ought to honor actual work, like the Washington *Post*'s award for Watergate, or Jack Newfield's *Village Voice* articles that have been identifying—and removing—corrupt judges in New York.

A tribute to unglamorous reporting

This is a one-paragraph history of the annual journalism convention sponsored by *MORE*, the press review. In 1972, the first year, the theme was look-at-what-Nixon's-doing-to-us. Last year, it was look-at-what-we-did-to-Nixon and the glories (not to mention the rewards) of hard-nosed investigative reporting. This year (May 8-10 in New York) the theme was troubled self-assessment and the glories of the quiet reporter who uncovers solid news on complicated and boring beats. Lest anyone miss this point, the convention organizers gave their annual award to Morton Mintz of the Washington *Post* for *"his tenacious pursuit of political corruption, bureaucratic ineptitude and corporate malfeasance, his refusal to follow the more glamorous rewarding and well-traveled path of Washington journalism."* Mintz himself made the same point, rather mildly, recalling an important water quality hearing, ignored by the New York *Times*, on a day when the *Times* had 18 reporters in Wisconsin covering a primary.

Dirty trick on Moynihan

Pat Moynihan, our ambassador to India these days, hopped aboard the Watergate express recently by charging that it was "the Colson wing" that leaked his famous "benign neglect" memo to the New York *Times*. The memo, which was taken as a recommendation that Nixon do nothing at all on civil rights, outraged blacks and severely damaged Moynihan's reputation. Actually, the memo, according to *Times* sources, was leaked by a prominent civil-rights activist. It was one nasty trick that neither Colson nor the White House had anything to do with.

Second thoughts on Kissinger

The honeymoon is over for Henry Kissinger. There are signs that the media is going after him for the first time. The New York *Times* reprinted much of the strongly critical *Columbia Journalism Review* article by Roger Morris, a former Kissinger aide, and some other papers are going to publish parts of it, too. Several long series on Henry are said to be in the works, including one that will run two weeks in the New York *Post* starting May 27. A *Post* staffer calls it "not a demolition job, but cumulatively very interesting." And a Washington editor told me: "There's a strong feeling that Kissinger may get indicted for perjury for telling the Senate he didn't know about those wiretaps. We're going to look dumb if we don't get off our asses before a grand jury does." And Anthony Lewis complained on a panel the other day that the media "acts as a press agent for Kissinger."

A chilling parallel between *Pravda* and the *Union-Leader*

The big news in New Hampshire is that William Loeb's overwrought Manchester *Union-Leader* is keeping faith with Nixon—even at the cost of quoting Commies with approval. As its response to the release of the transcripts, the paper had an editorial agreeing with *Komsomolskaya Pravda* that there is a "particularly apt and chilling parallel" between the symbolic assassination of Nixon by the media and the actual assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

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We've had Henry Steele Commager dispel our national fear of impeachment. Let Roger Rapoport expose the doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for money. Prompted Jimmy Breslin to tell us why he thinks Nixon is the Protestant Joey Gallo. Encouraged Marcia Seligson to interview the new breed of sex therapists who do more than just talk. Given Mike Royko the go-ahead to delve into Chicago's changing attitudes toward corruption.

In NEW TIMES you get: Larry L. King on "President" Ford. Timothy Crouse on Bobby Byrd and the politics of wheedling. Johnny Greene on Patrick Buchanan, the last survivor in Nixon's White House. Marshall Frady on Tassy and Johnny, the first black mayor of Tuskegee and his wife who is white. Mark Goodman on John Glenn's newest earth walk. Ron Rosenbaum on the promo, the parties, and everything but the long, boring Super Bowl Game itself.

Davidson. Terkel. Hamill. Sayre. Halberstam. Greene.

Gloria Emerson on a recent Hanoi Hilton reunion. Thomas Thompson on the California legislators who are looking for a better way to kill. Sara Davidson on the renegade doctors who are soaking

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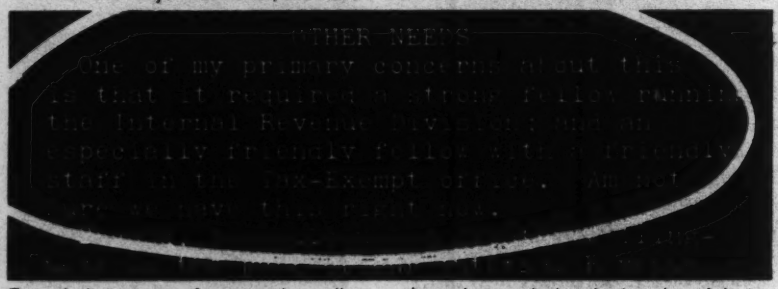
SPECIAL REPORT

The Nixon administration's war against policy study institutions was ignored in the crush of more dramatic—but not necessarily more important—Watergate news. Herewith the gory details you might have missed along the way

The Nixon administration has never been crazy about foundations, those bastions of learning and largess that help push society along its way. As early as April, 1969, three months after Nixon's inauguration, White House strategists proposed a plan to hack away at the foundations' cherished tax-exempt status. The feeling on Pennsylvania Avenue seemed to be that most foundations—although ostensibly apolitical—were in fact part of the enemy camp. As Pat Buchanan was to report later during his appearance before the Ervin Committee, "There is existent in this country in essence, an intellectual and political establishment to which the major networks, the Ford



Foundation, some of your major policy institutes, the dominant media on the Eastern seaboard, the liberal wing of the Democratic Party in the Senate and others can be said to belong."

Given the pervasiveness of such an attitude in Administration circles, the White House's public moves against foundations were hardly surprising. The Nixon people proposed, in that tax reform program presented to Congress five years ago, that foundations be forced to forfeit their tax exemptions for "engaging in activities directly affecting political campaigns, such as voter registration drives," a proviso apparently aimed primarily at the Ford Foundation, which had been accused of helping elect Carl Stokes in Cleveland by financing a voter registration program for blacks. In addition, the White House sponsored legislation that would have forced foundations to make public the terms of all grants.

The more damaging of the Nixon proposals were eventually dropped from the legislation passed by Congress. But that did not stop the Administration. In a pattern that has now become all too familiar, White House aides, apparently at Nixon's prompting, simply took the campaign against foundations underground.

Part of the campaign—Charles Colson's suggestion to firebomb the prestigious Brookings Institution—received considerable publicity when it was reported last year. But the firebombing plan, as it turned out, was just penny ante stuff compared to what others in the White House were dreaming up during the heyday of do-it-yourself plumbing. White House aide Pat Buchanan, in particular, proposed a plan against Brookings and other liberal foundations that was to Colson's firebombing scheme what premeditated murder is to aggravated assault.

During Pat Buchanan's stormy appearance before the Senate Watergate Committee last September, it came out that back in March, 1970, at the President's request, Buchanan had drafted a set of proposals to totally emasculate Brookings and all other liberal-oriented tax-exempt organizations. Fortunately for Buchanan, the plan got lost in the flurry of his confrontation with the committee, and was largely ignored by the press. The New York *Times* and Washington *Post* buried the story. Worse, there was almost no follow-up. Only the *Foundation News*, an interfoundation publication, seemed to fully comprehend the enormity of the Buchanan proposals. In its January-February issue, it ran the complete text of the memo and an editorial.

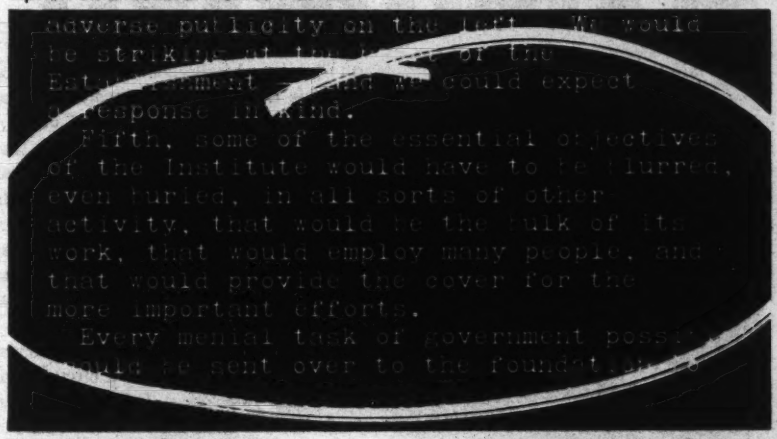
In the simplest terms, what Buchanan suggested was that the Administration set up its own foundation, one that would be more slanted, more political, more unethical than even the White House's own warped view of current existing liberal institutions. The idea was: fight fire with holocaust. Noting that Nixon had "directed several of us to give thought to how to combat the institutionalized power of the left concentrated in the foundations that succor the Democratic Party," Buchanan suggested that an "in-house group" make up a list of all foundations hostile to the Administration, to "identify their leadership and power structure" and to catalog all federal monies being paid out to such organizations.

Buchanan further suggested that the Administration should "initiate a policy of favoritism in all future federal grants to those institutions friendly to us," and should "direct future funds away from the hostile foundations, like Brookings." Not only were government grants to be cut off, but pressure was to be applied to individual givers as well. "All the high rollers we know," wrote Buchanan, "would be passed the word that of the charities the President prefers, this one is best. The big supporters would find themselves on the White House Guest List, while the friends of Brookings would stay in outer darkness."

Buchanan proposed the creation of a brand new, conservative foundation—his suggested name was the MacArthur Institute—that would serve as a "parking place for Administration and other Republican conservative intellectuals, where they can take their sabbaticals [sic] at the same time they are communicating regularly with the Republican Establishment in the White House." As Buchanan outlined it, the MacArthur

Institute would build an inventory of conservative Republicans across the U.S., "a talent bank," in his phrase, that the White House could draw on to fill up job openings and future task forces. The institute would also build a "talent bank of individuals in every area of foreign policy—five deep—who might be ready to be moved into the State Department the day after the 1972 victory."

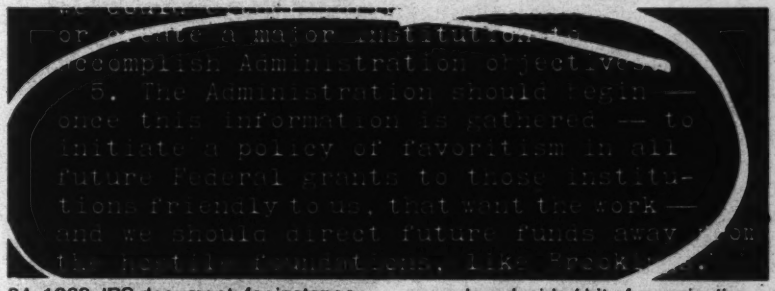
Buchanan's idea for funding his institute was simplicity itself. Simply siphon off all federal monies that had been going to existing liberal foundations. "All federal contracts now going to institutions which are essentially anti-Administration would be shifted to this new baby—and to other pro-Administration foundations. Anti-Administration foundations should be cut off without a dime."



It is perhaps because he knew he was proposing an illegal foundation that he spent so much of his memo detailing how the foundation could be protected and camouflaged from the inquiring eyes of the press and even the IRS. "One of my primary concerns about this is that it requires a strong fellow running the Internal Revenue Division," he wrote, "and an especially friendly fellow with a friendly staff in the Tax Exempt Office. Am not sure we have this right now."

Because the institute would attract the press, Buchanan noted that "we would have to be prepared to take some real initial political heat as a spinoff. Also, word of precisely what the institute was doing would leak out eventually." Thus he suggested that the essential objectives of the institute would have to be "blurred, even buried, in all sorts of other activity . . . that would provide the cover for the more important efforts." Finally, Buchanan noted that a Democratic administration, as soon as it took power, "would put a sword to this operation, through the IRS, as its first official act on arrival," a virtual admittance that the institute would be so outside the framework of the law that anyone at IRS not loyal to Nixon would—and could— immediately put an end to it through existing laws. The MacArthur Institute, Buchanan therefore noted, "would have to carry heavy political insurance. At any time, there might be a sudden distribution of assets to the stockholders."

The bulk of Buchanan's memo obviously was not carried out. But some parts of it may have been—in particular the concept of an enemies list, not of people but of institutions. During the recent flap over Nixon's own taxes, Senator Lowell Weicker released documents suggesting a pattern of intimidation on the part of the IRS against certain groups considered unfriendly to the White House. A July



24, 1969, IRS document, for instance, details the work of a special IRS task force set up solely to investigate the tax situation of the likes of Brookings, the Ford Foundation, Common Cause and various Ralph Nader operations.

More than a year after Buchanan had sent his memo to the President, John Dean sent his own memo to Nixon—one of a series of communications on the subject of the Ford Foundation and Brookings—saying that "an expeditious political response to this challenge would be the simple expedience of applying pressures to have the Internal Revenue Service strictly enforce existing statutes and promulgate regulations designed to threaten the tax-exempt status enjoyed by these organizations." On the same day—July 27, 1971—Dean directed Egil Krogh to move ahead on his own investigation of Brookings. "Note . . . the large number of government contracts now held by Brookings Institution," Dean wrote to Krogh. "If you want me to 'turn the spigot off' please let me know."

There are several ironies connected with the Nixon administration's fight against foundations. For openers, the foundations that really abuse their tax-exempt privileges are not the blue-chip foundations such as Brookings or Ford, but the fly-by-night ones that pump tax-exempt funds back into the families that control them. Take, for instance, the Nixon Foundation, which paid out $21,000 to Nixon's brother Edward simply for consulting with the first family on where the Nixon library should be built. Second, the so-called liberal institutions are far less political and less doctrinaire than the Administration seemed to think. One of Nixon's former cabinet members, Secretary of Commerce Peter G. Peterson, headed up a study of foundations back in 1969 and concluded that foundations and public policy institutes were nowhere near as engaged in controversial "social action" grants and studies as their critics had maintained.

In a decided bit of myopia, the White House chose to ignore the fact that Brookings and other existing foundations had actually helped formulate policies that were adopted by the Nixon administration itself. While Charles Colson was fantasizing about firebombing Brookings, for instance, Nixon was in Philadelphia with Brookings' economics director, Joseph Pechman, unveiling plans for revenue-sharing. Pechman had been one of the "fathers" of the concept. ●

The unquiet grave of Fred Hampton

By Bo Burlingham

The scene keeps repeating itself, like a recurring nightmare:

December 4, 1969. 4:45 a.m. 2337 West Monroe Street, a ramshackle apartment house on Chicago's West Side, a Black Panther "crib." Outside, in the dark before dawn, 14 police officers approach the building in street clothes. They do not wear badges. Between them, they carry an arsenal consisting of a Thompson submachine gun, five shotguns, a carbine and 20 pistols. The group divides: eight men walk up to the front of the house and six go around to the back.

Inside the first floor apartment six Panther men and three Panther women are sleeping, when suddenly a knock on the front door awakens those in the living room. They reach for their shotguns and exchange words with the men outside. A gun goes off; the police bust down the front and back doors. For ten minutes they blast away at the apartment's occupants with more than 80 rounds of ammunition. The Panthers get off one shot and then do not resist. When the shooting stops, two Black Panthers are dead; four are wounded; and three are taken to jail. One of the fatalities is Fred Hampton, 21-year-old chairman of the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party. He has been shot twice through the head as he lay on his bed, apparently the only person who never fully awoke during the raid.

Scarcely did the shooting end than the investigations began, in which those ten bloody minutes have been recreated again and again: two books, one movie, three grand jury investigations, two indictments, a law suit, one trial, a blue-ribbon coroner's inquest, a Black Panther "people's inquest" and a massive study by an ad hoc commission of inquiry under the aegis of Roy Wilkins and Ramsey Clark. Was Fred Hampton murdered? Four and a half years of investigation have not yet laid the question to rest.

By now that scene should be a memory, another incident on the sordid side of Chicago's historical ledger, located somewhere between the Haymarket Riot and the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. But just as it begins to fade, some new disclosure brings it back. Recently, the Chicago papers have again carried stories about the raid, based on revelations which pose new questions about its origins.

Fred Hampton's body had been a-moldering in the grave for almost four years by the time Tom Charles Huston

Was the Chicago Black Panther leader murdered by police? Now—almost five years after the fatal raid—a chance remark by ex-Nixon aide Tom Charles Huston casts an eerie light on the FBI's role in the events

and I met in Philadelphia one dank December morning. It seemed longer. Back in 1969 Huston had been a speechwriter and a specialist on left-wing extremism for President Nixon, while I was running with the Weathermen. He was then 28 and headstrong, and for a year he played Hard-Hearted Hannah to J. Edgar Hoover's Nervous Nelly in urging the White House to take off its kid gloves against the New Left. In June, 1970, the President named Huston to represent him on a special White House Interagency Committee on Domestic Intelligence, which produced the now famous 1970 domestic spy plan. Among other things, it would have replaced Hoover as chief of internal security, installing a directorate in his place, and so the FBI director lost no time killing it. Thereupon, Huston's career in government entered a precipitous decline. Less than a year later he departed Washington for his native Indiana to become a real estate lawyer.

In the meantime, I had parted ways with my Weather friends, a circumstance which did not stop a federal grand jury from indicting me on a bomb conspiracy charge in July, 1970. The case hung around for three years before getting washed away in the Watergate tide. Citing the Huston Plan and press accounts of "surreptitious entries" against Weatherpeople, Federal Judge Damon Keith ordered a hearing into possible government misconduct, and on October 15, 1973, the Justice Department abruptly terminated the prosecution.

Shortly thereafter, I telephoned Huston to ask for an interview. After some initial reluctance, he agreed, and thus we found ourselves in Philadelphia last December, discussing old times over cold coffee in a drab hotel cafeteria. In the course of our conversation, Huston asked me how the decision was made for Weatherpeople to go underground. I have often wondered about that myself. Notwithstanding the indictment, I was never a leader of the Weathermen and I did not participate in those discussions. But one event did grab us all by the seat of the pants, shake us up and make us rethink our political course from A to Z, and that was the killing of Fred Hampton on December 4, 1969. Hampton had been no particular friend to the Weathermen, having once denounced us as "Custeristic," but he had our respect nonetheless as a courageous and effective black leader who

Fred Hampton in early 1969: at 21, he was one of the Panthers' rising stars.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANN PHILLIPS

OF USA FASCISM

Chicago police remove Hampton's body from the West Side apartment.

was, in his own words, "high on the people." When I first heard of him, he was serving time for stealing $71 worth of ice cream one summer afternoon and distributing it to poor black children—a crime which only added to his heroic stature in our eyes. "I may be a big dude," he said, "but I can't eat no $71 worth of ice cream."

And so his death brought us up short—the more so since it had all the earmarks of a political assassination by the Chicago police under the direction of State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan. It seemed to signal an important escalation in the ghetto war, simultaneous with escalations in the Indochina War, and our own inability to strike back left us demoralized and frustrated. I think we feared that we were letting ourselves grow fat and complacent—if not selling out, at least leaving ourselves open for offers.

When I told this to Huston, he fixed me in a steely gaze and asked, "How did you explain away that policeman whom Hampton murdered in cold blood? How could you justify that?" I told him I didn't know what he was talking about. He said, "The policeman he murdered. I asked the Bureau what they knew about all this. They checked around and told me that Hampton and this guy, what's his name, Clark, had murdered a policeman a week before. He was down on the ground and Hampton was standing on top of him and just let him have it with a gun. There was no holding back the others after that. They just took the law into their own hands and went out and killed the two of them." Dumbfounded, I told him I had never heard the story before and asked if it had ever been made public. He seemed taken aback. He assumed it was well known, though he could not be sure that the Bureau had ever informed anyone else of its findings. He was certain, however, that the FBI had made some such report to the White House.

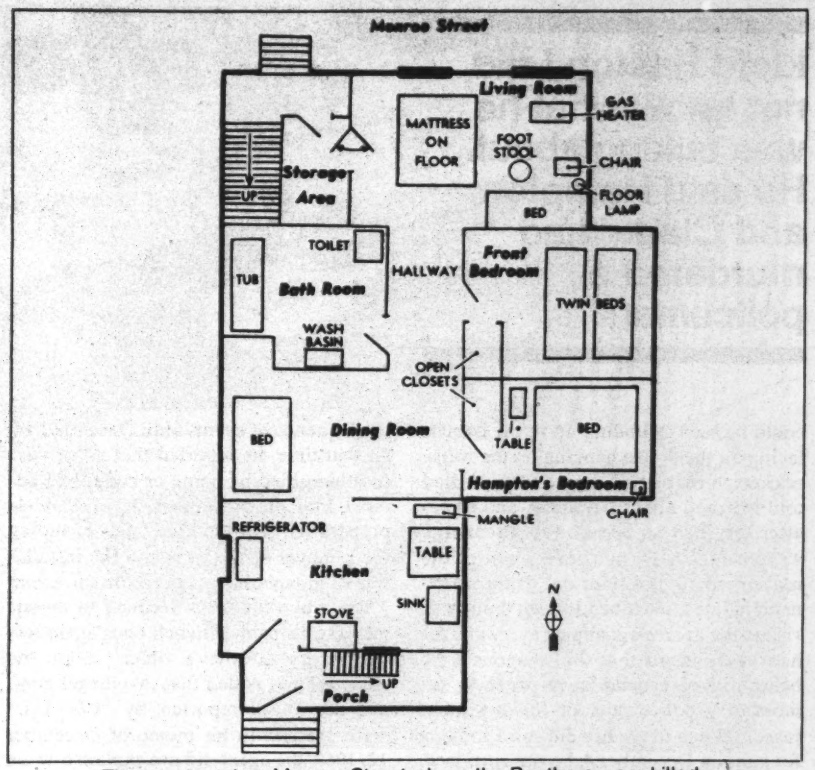
At the time, I was struck mainly by Huston's reaction to the Hampton killing. In fact, it figures prominently in his rationale for the 1970 plan, which would have directed the FBI to use burglaries, illegal electronic surveillance, covert mail covers and other extraordinary measures to gather intelligence on subversive groups like the Black Panther Party and the Weathermen. What scared him, he says today, was not the prospect of revolution, which he discounted, but the danger of right-wing vigilantism. "The real threat to internal security—in any society—is repression," he has observed. "But repression is an inevitable result of disorder. Forced to choose between order and freedom, people will take order. A handful of people can't frontally overthrow the government. But if they can engender enough fear, they can generate an atmosphere that will bring out of the woodwork every repressive demagogue in the country. Unless this stuff was stopped, the country was going to fall into the wrong hands." He took the Chicago incident as confirmation of his worst fears. "We were getting a lot of pressure from below," he told me. "According to our reports, local law enforcement people wanted a real crackdown against the violent groups, and we expected some sort of vigilante action to develop. Frankly, it looked as though the Hampton killing was just that."

So the White House laid plans to bug and burgle the Radical Left, thereby protecting America from the menace of the Radical Right. Call it convoluted logic, but then that seems to be the Nixon administration's hallmark. More curious still is the fact that Huston, the White House coordinator of Domestic Security Affairs, should have jumped to the same conclusion about the Hampton raid as did I and my cohorts in our Weatherman collectives. We all assumed it to be a case of vigilante "justice": the posse had lynched the outlaw, or—if you prefer—the police had murdered the revolutionary.

In that view, of course, we were not alone. To many, or at least to a politically tuned-in minority, the Chicago raid suggested what the events at Kent State University seemed to confirm six months later, namely, that American society was coming unhinged. It conjured up images of police death squads, political warfare and the collapse of the legal edifice. Hence the national attention it received, and the successive rounds of investigation.

During all that time, however, the FBI never suggested publicly that it had evidence of a vigilante motive for the raid. If it so informed any of the grand juries, they kept it to themselves. That leaves Huston's recollection, which casts an eerie light on recent disclosures about the FBI's own role in the events leading to Hampton's death.

The story began to unfold a year ago, during the trial of a black Chicago police detective, a burglary investigator and a convicted heroin dealer for violating the civil rights of two men, whom they had allegedly killed. It seems that Detective Sergeant Stanley B. Robinson had been operating a murder-extortion racket in order to raise money to finance a $1 million armored car robbery in the Loop. Since 1971, he and his accomplices had been shaking down and shooting up big-time Windy City dope dealers, some of whose bodies had been found floating in local



The apartment on Monroe Street where the Panthers were killed.

rivers.

Finally, in mid-1972, the FBI cracked the case, bringing the trio to trial in federal district court the following spring. In June, 1973, the government called out its star witness against Robinson, a 23-year-old black man named William O'Neal, who was identified as having been an FBI informer for some five years. Chicago Panthers were aghast, for this same O'Neal had served as the party's chief of security during the first turbulent year of the Illinois Chapter. He had, in fact, held the post at the time of Fred Hampton's death and was thus responsible for the weapons which provided the pretext for the raid. In obtaining the search warrant, the state's attorney's police had relied on information from an unnamed FBI informant, and the Panthers had speculated among themselves about the culprit's identity, but they had never fingered O'Neal. During the Robinson trial, it came out that O'Neal had been working under an FBI agent named Roy M. Mitchell since 1968. He had, moreover, joined the Black Panther Party at Mitchell's suggestion and had frequently reported to the agent on the activities and whereabouts of party leaders.

On June 14 the plot thickened as Robinson's attorney called the police sergeant's girlfriend to the witness stand. According to her testimony, O'Neal boasted to Robinson that he had drugged both Hampton and Clark prior to the December 4 raid, which he claimed to have engineered with agent Mitchell. Robinson also told her that the FBI first approached the Chicago police department's intelligence division about making the raid, and after being turned down there, broached the idea to the state's attorney's office, which took the assignment. Her testimony was, of course, hearsay, and the defense did not corroborate it. In any event, it did not save her lover from conviction.

Then, last fall, more questions arose about the FBI's role with the release of documents outlining a top-secret "Counterintelligence Program against militant Black Nationalist-Hate Groups," dubbed "COINTELPRO-Black Extremists" in the Bureau's official jargon. The language is vague as to specifics but specific as to the long-term goals:

"1. Prevent the *coalition* of militant black nationalist groups. . . .

"2. Prevent the rise of a 'messiah' who could unify, and electrify, the militant black nationalist movement. . . .

"3. Prevent *violence* on the part of black nationalist groups. . . . Through counterintelligence it should be possible to pinpoint potential troublemakers and neutralize them before they exercise their potential for violence.

"4. Prevent militant black nationalist groups and leaders from gaining *respectability*, by discrediting them to three separate segments of the community. . . .

"5. A final goal should be to prevent the long-range *growth* of militant black nationalist organizations, especially among youth. . . ."

As for the means to these ends, FBI director Hoover made it clear that he contemplated "counterintelligence *action*" and not just information-gathering. "The purpose of this new counterintelligence endeavor," he wrote when he established the program in 1967, "is to expose, disrupt, misdirect, discredit or otherwise neutralize the activities of black nationalist, hate-type organizations and groupings, their leadership, spokesmen, membership and supporters, and to counter their propensity for violence and civil disorder." And just months prior to the raid on 2337 West Monroe, he singled out the Black Panther Party as the foremost threat to domestic tranquillity.

Taken together, the information from the Robinson trial and the COINTELPRO documents suggested that the FBI had played a more active role in the Hampton affair than investigators had previously thought. Until then, the FBI appeared to have used notable restraint in dealing with the Panthers. On June 4, 1969, for instance, federal agents conducted what the federal grand jury later praised as a "model raid." They were looking for a fugitive named George Sams, for whose arrest they had a warrant. Unlike the Hampton raid, this one occurred in broad daylight, with minimal property damage and no injuries. Thereafter, the Bureau left such actions to local authorities.

According to the *Report* of the federal grand jury, the FBI informed the Chicago police department and the state's attorney's office about the presence of weapons at 2337 West Monroe on November 21, 1969. Though the FBI communication did not suggest that any law was being violated, the Chicago police department planned a raid for November 25. On November 23, however, the FBI reported

I told Huston I did not know what he was talking about. He said Hampton and Clark "had murdered a policeman"

that the Panthers had gotten wind of the action and were removing the guns from the apartment. The police cancelled the raid. On December 1 the FBI once again contacted the police and the state's attorney with information that the weapons had been returned. The next day an FBI agent met with an assistant state's attorney to discuss the matter, the types of weapons involved and the comings and goings of the apartment's occupants. Meanwhile, Sergeant Daniel Groth of the state's attorney's Special Prosecutions Unit was independently verifying the presence of weapons at 2337 West Monroe, including some which the Panthers might have been holding illegally. And so the state's attorney's office obtained a warrant, cased the area and planned the raid for 5:00 a.m. on the morning of December 4.

Such, at least, was the official version of the FBI's role. On the basis of the new evidence, however, attorneys for Hampton's family and the survivors of the raid demanded a chance to question O'Neal (who was hiding out in FBI protective custody) and agent Mitchell. In addition, they petitioned for the disclosure of FBI documents pertaining to the surveillance of the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party. On December 7, 1973, some four years after the raid, Federal Judge Joseph Perry ordered the Bureau to comply.

And so, on January 12, the lawyers took a sworn deposition from William O'Neal in Detroit. On April 19 the FBI turned over 250 pages of investigative and intelligence reports, and a week later Special Agent Roy Mitchell began to give his testimony about FBI surveillance of the Panthers and the events leading up to the raid. Meanwhile, Chicago's papers were once more taking an interest in the matter and turning up some startling revelations.

The new evidence has left the official story of the FBI's role in tatters. According to O'Neal, the Panthers had moved all their weapons to 2337 West Monroe on October 3, 1969, where they could be seen "standing up in the corner, laying on the floors, hanging on the walls, pockets, hips, pants." At the time, he had told Mitchell about the move, and thereafter they had no occasion to discuss the weapons again. He had never reported the movement of guns in or out of the apartment in late November. In fact, though he visited the apartment almost every day, he had never heard that the weapons were being moved around in response to rumors of a police raid, or for any other reason. When the police did come looking for guns on December 4, he was surprised. "In fact the same guns had been in the office I would say quite a while, maybe even a year before. Some of the guns were antiques as far as the party was concerned and I didn't think they would make a raid as far as guns."

O'Neal's testimony contradicts the material provided to the federal grand jury, notably the memorandum of November 21, according to which O'Neal (code number "CG T-1") furnished information on *November 19* about the presence of legally purchased weapons at 2337 West Monroe.

In addition, it seems that the FBI did considerably more than pass the intelligence along. According to a report in the Chicago *Tribune,* the Bureau urged the Chicago police department to raid the apartment on two occasions, in October and November, 1969. At first, the request was turned down. Then the department's Gang Intelligence Unit scheduled its November 25 raid, but cancelled it when the FBI reported the removal of the weapons. On December 1, after the guns were returned, the GIU refused to reschedule its raid, whereupon FBI officials approached the state's attorney's office.

As a rule, the FBI insists that interagency communications be made in writing, with copies retained for the Bureau files. But inexplicably, Special Agent Mitchell *spoke* to Chicago law enforcement officials about the comings and goings of the weapons, and did not record the sequence of events until December 12. At that time, he reported that a "source" (not identified by name or code) had advised him on November 23 of Panther preparations for the GIU raid, including the removal of the guns and the installation of movie cameras to record the event. Then, when the GIU declined to undertake the mission, Mitchell once again *told* the state's attorney's office about the weapons and added that two illegal guns, not previously reported by "CG T-1," were present. In his memo of December 12, 1969, the agent did not explain how he learned of the illegal weapons.

As he went from one police agency to another, Special Agent Mitchell had more than the weapons information to offer. Among the recently released FBI documents is a detailed floor plan of the apartment which accurately designates the different rooms and the names of the individuals who slept in each bed. On the reverse side is a map of the area, showing the various street approaches to 2337 West Monroe. Mitchell reported that on November 19, 1969, O'Neal provided him with the information from which he himself drew the diagrams. He later gave a copy of the paper to the state's attorney's office so that—when the raiding party entered the apartment on December 4—they knew exactly where to find Fred Hampton.

The latest round of disclosures has turned up other new tidbits as well. O'Neal admits that he visited "the crib" on December 3 and might have had dinner there. According to the FBI documents, a previously unreported vial of phenobarbital was found in the apartment. His girlfriend, Deborah Johnson, reported he went to sleep that evening in the midst of a telephone conversation with his parents. When it ended, she tried to rouse him but couldn't. Johnson and other Panthers say that he never fully awoke during the raid, despite much noise and repeated shakings. Though the police claimed he shot at them, they are contradicted by every ex-

Part of the cache of guns seized by police in the raid on Panther headquarters.

tant piece of evidence— paraffin tests, ballistics tests, examination of his wounds and so forth. Moreover, the most reliable test of his blood showed a high, possibly lethal, concentration of secobarbital. It was performed at the behest of the Panthers, however, and the federal grand jury chose to accept other tests which did not reveal the presence of any barbiturate. But the Wilkins-Clark Commission of Inquiry concluded after an exhaustive investigation that some sort of barbiturate might well have rendered Hampton unconscious during the raid. Did O'Neal drug him, as claimed at the Robinson trial? Why did the FBI withhold information about the vial of phenobarbital until now? Those who know aren't saying.

Whether or not Hampton was drugged, the new evidence reveals that the FBI has been less than candid about the activities of its own agents prior to the raid. Insofar as the Bureau bore the major burden of uncovering what really happened in that apartment, we can scarcely place much confidence in the quality of its investigative work. In fact, *all* the official inquiries into the events of December 4 share the same fundamental flaw: those responsible for exposing the truth have had a vested interest in keeping some part of it hidden.

In this context, Huston's recollections take on a special significance. Not only did the FBI confirm his suspicion that the police had gone to "get" Hampton, but the report connected the raid to a previous killing of a police officer. "I have a very vivid recollection of that scene," says Huston. "The cop was wounded, down on the ground, and Hampton stood over him and shot him."

In fact, something like that did occur three weeks before the Hampton raid. On November 13, 1969, police answered a complaint and, according to their account, found themselves in the midst of an ambush. Snipers opened fire on the first squad car to arrive, which immediately radioed for help. Police from several districts answered the call, and a deadly gun battle ensued, during which two policemen and one Black Panther were killed. According to the Chicago *Sun-Times*, "[Policeman Francis] Rappoport was reportedly shot as he ran through a gangway. Police said [Spurgeon Jake] Winters [a Panther] then *stood over Rappoport and shot him in the head with a shotgun.* Winters, in turn, was slain by Patrolman Robert Tracey, who said he arrived just as Winters was killing Rappoport." (My emphasis.) Although police on the scene claimed they were fired on by four snipers, only Winters and one other Panther were named in the indictment that resulted from the incident.

Undoubtedly the report which Huston recalls referred in some way to the Jake Winters incident, as it became known. Perhaps he confused Winters with Hampton; or perhaps the FBI in fact suggested that Hampton—not Winters—had killed the police officer and then escaped. (There were rumors to that effect at the time, though Hampton was not in Chicago on November 13 and could not have taken part.) In either case, it is interesting that the Bureau would connect the Winters shoot-out with the Hampton incident, inasmuch as *the local FBI office began to push for a raid on 2337 West Monroe just six days after the two police officers were shot to death in an apparent ambush.* Did agent Mitchell tell the Chicago Police Department and the state's attorney's office that Hampton had stood over a police officer and shot him? Did he consider that *any* police raid on the heels of the Winters incident might well lead to bloodshed? Or—in the spirit of COINTELPRO—was that the idea, to "neutralize the troublemaker before he exercised his potential for violence"?

In this season of uncovered coverups, we scarcely know what scandal lurks behind this or that whitewash. There is no incontrovertible evidence that the FBI plotted the murder of Fred Hampton, nor even that the raiding policemen executed him according to some premeditated plan. What we have is a mass of information demonstrating that none of the official investigations have brought out the truth about the raid.

Meanwhile, Deborah Johnson works in an office on Chicago's Near North Side and raises her son, Fred Hampton Jr. She was eight months pregnant by Hampton at the time of the raid. Fred Jr. is now four and a half, and by all accounts a healthy child. Tom Charles Huston practices law in Indianapolis. William O'Neal has assumed another identity and lives incognito with his own wife and child. I myself try to earn a living as a journalist. And Fred Hampton? His body is buried in a family plot in Haynesville, Louisiana, but it cannot really be said that he rests in peace. ●

The (unintelligible) guide to the

Fill in the blanks

Transcript	Nixon version	Dean version
February 28, 1973: Nixon and Dean discuss the possibility of coming up with a scapegoat on whom to pin Watergate. P: I don't know what we can do. The people who are most disturbed about this (unintelligible) are the (adjective deleted) Republicans. A lot of these Congressmen, financial contributors, et cetera are highly moral. The Democrats are just sort of saying, "(expletive deleted) fun and games!" D: Well, hopefully we can give them Segretti. P: (Expletive deleted.) He was such a dumb figure. . . .	P: I don't know what we can do. The people who are most disturbed about this *shocking mess you got the Administration into, John*, are the *decent* Republicans. A lot of these Congressmen, financial contributors, et cetera are highly moral. The Democrats are just sort of saying, "*Heavens*, fun and games!" D: Well, hopefully we can give them Segretti. P: *Tarnation.* He was such a dumb figure. . . .	P: I don't know what we can do. The people who are most disturbed about this *botched crime of mine* are the *candy-assed Republicans*. A lot of these Congressmen, financial contributors, et cetera are highly moral. The Democrats are just sort of saying, "*Screw-a-doodle-doo*, fun and games!" D: Well, hopefully we can give them Segretti. P: *That bastard!* He was such a dumb figure. . . .
March 13: Nixon tells Dean about his view of the effect of the crisis upon the voting public. P: It will be—I am thinking in terms of—the point is, everything is a crisis. (expletive deleted) It is a terrible lousy thing—it will remain a crisis among the upper intellectual types, the soft heads, our own, too—Republicans—and the Democrats and the rest. Average people won't think it's much of a crisis unless it affects them. (unintelligible)	P: It will be—I am thinking in terms of—the point is, everything is a crisis. *Jeepers, it is a terrible lousy thing*—it will remain a crisis among the upper intellectual types, the soft heads, our own, too—Republicans—and the Democrats and the rest. Average people won't think it's much of a crisis unless it affects them. *You know, on the whole, average people have a lot more sense than we politicians.*	P: It will be—I am thinking in terms of—the point is, everything is a crisis. *Shit*, it is a terrible lousy thing—it will remain a crisis among the upper intellectual types, the soft heads, our own, too—Republicans—and the Democrats and the rest. Average people won't think it's much of a crisis unless it affects them. *Average people are dumb as shit. We can thank our lucky stars for that.*
March 17: Nixon and Dean discuss ways of keeping Watergate out of the Oval Office. D: That is what really troubles me. For example, what happens if it starts breaking, and they do find a criminal case against a Haldeman, a Dean, a Mitchell, an Ehrlichman? That is— P: If it really comes down to that, we would have to (unintelligible) some of the men.	D: That is what really troubles me. For example, what happens if it starts breaking, and they do find a criminal case against a Haldeman, a Dean, a Mitchell, an Ehrlichman? That is— P: If it really comes down to that, we would have to *do everything in our power to help* some of the men.	D: That is what really troubles me. For example, what happens if it starts breaking, and they do find a criminal case against a Haldeman, a Dean, a Mitchell, an Ehrlichman? That is— P: If it really comes down to that, we would have to *kill* some of the men.
March 21: Nixon, Dean and Haldeman talk about how the President might slip through the tightening Watergate noose. D: Something is going to break and— P: It will look like the President. . . D: Is covering up— P: Has covered up a huge (unintelligible). . . D: That's correct. H: But you can't (inaudible). . .	D: Something is going to break and— P: It will look like the President . . . D: Is covering up— P: Has covered up a huge *and terrible mess absolutely inadvertently. Because everyone knows how hard I've been working to uncover it.* D: That's correct. H: But you can't *give up, Sir, for when you are on the side of Truth you will triumph in the end.*	D: Something is going to break and— P: It will look like the President . . . D: Is covering up— P: Has covered up a huge *and rotten scandal which, let's face it boys, I've known about for months.* D: That's correct. H: But you can't *let that get out. You've got to keep covering up, and covering up and maybe, when you've covered up long enough, they'll get tired of trying to get the evidence and leave us alone.*

(expletive deleted) transcripts.

The White House Book of famous quotations

"The President, Vice-President and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, (inaudible) or other (unintelligible)"
—Constitution of the United States, Article II

"(Expletive deleted) the torpedoes! (Inaudible) ahead!"
—David G. Farragut, 1864

"Hates California, it's cold and it's (characterization deleted)
That's why the lady is a (characterization deleted)"
—Lorenz Hart

"I want to be (inaudible)"
—Greta Garbo

"The buck stops (inaudible)"
—Harry S. Truman

"The woods are lonely, dark and deep
But I have promises to keep
And . . . (material not related to presidential action deleted)"
—Robert Frost, 1923

"I never met a man I didn't (characterization deleted)"
—Will Rogers, 1930

"To err is (inaudible), to forgive is (unintelligible)"
—Alexander Pope

"Poems are made by (characterization deleted) like me
But only God can (expletive deleted) a tree"
—Joyce Kilmer, 1913

"In the room the women come and go
Talking of (inaudible)"
—T.S. Eliot, *Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, 1917

"If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not (unintelligible)?"
—Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a (expletive deleted)"
—Shakespeare, *As You Like It*

"We hold these truths to be (characterization deleted) that all men are created (unintelligible)"
—Declaration of Independence

"Quoth the Raven, '(unintelligible)' "
—Edgar Allan Poe, 1845

"Out, (expletive deleted) spot! out, I say!"
—Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

"We must all (inaudible) together, or assuredly we shall all (inaudible) separately"
—Ben Franklin

"I will (unintelligible) if nominated and will (inaudible) if elected"
—William Tecumseh Sherman

"Politics makes (adjective deleted) bedfellows."
—Charles Dudley Warner

"The only good Indian is a (characterization deleted) Indian"
—Philip Henry Sheridan, 1869

"Speak softly and carry a (adjective deleted) (unintelligible)"
—Theodore Roosevelt, 1901

"The world must be made safe for (expletive deleted)"
—Woodrow Wilson, 1917

White House metaphors made perfectly clear.

Transcript

P: Is it too late to go the hang-out road?
D: Yes, I think it is. The hang-out road.
P: The hang-out road . . .
D: It was kicked around, Bob and I and—
P: Ehrlichman always felt it should be hang-out.

Translation

P: Is it too late to tell the truth?
D: Yes, I think it is.

Transcript

P: And so you are coming up, then, with the idea of just a stone wall then? Is that—
D: That's right.
P: Is that what you come down with?
D: Stone wall, with lots of noises that we are always willing to cooperate, but no one is asking us for anything.

Translation

P: So you don't think we should cooperate?
D: No.

Transcript

E: What I am getting at here and, maybe that isn't the way to do it, I don't know, is to insulate you, number one.
H: Well, that doesn't bother these people.
E: To make you appear to be ahead of the power curve and also to have some symbolic act of absolution after the thing is over, by being able to take them all back on. And say, "Alright, we have been through the whole thing. They fired the worst they had, but didn't make the case. I am taking this fellow back and reinstating him with full status." So obviously that is the reason. I can see the practical problem you would be faced with: you've got an awful lot of guys around here who like to—
H: Hold each other off, you know.
P: That isn't the problem. The problem is not the fact that we can't run the shop. We can run the shop, maybe not as well, but we can run it. But on the other hand, you say—like—let's—suit yourself—let's use Haldeman, because Haldeman could really beat these charges. Say Haldeman wanted to leave then.

Translation

E: We gotta protect you, even if everyone else gets fired.
P: Yeah.

Transcript

P: What stroke have you got with Magruder . . .?
E: I think the stroke Bob has with him is in the confrontation to say, "Jeb, you know that just isn't so," and just stare him down on some of this stuff and it is a golden opportunity to do this. . . . I am sure he will rationalize himself into a fable that hangs together. But if he knows that you are going to righteously and indignantly deny it, ah. . .
P: Say that he is trying to lie to save his own skin.
E: It'll bend him.

Translation

P: Can you keep Magruder from talking?
E: Haldeman can. He'll tell him that you'll deny everything.
P: I will.
E: That'll keep him quiet.

inaudible/unintelligible/expletive removed/inaudible/expletive deleted/ inaudible/unintelligible/expletive removed/inaudible/expletive deleted/ inaudible/unintelligible/expletive removed/inaudible/expletive deleted/unintelligible/expletive removed

Who is "Deep Throat"?

By Mark Olshaker

Amidst the overwhelming flood of Watergate revelations that have rocked, traumatized and disgusted a nation for over a year now, there stands a single soul who, more than anyone else, is responsible for triggering the avalanche. This anonymous person, whose name may well be lost to that history he or she has done so much to shape, is "Deep Throat"—the code name for the highly placed "deep background" source who confirmed many of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's major Washington *Post* Watergate disclosures.

Ever since the publication of Woodward and Bernstein's book, *All the President's Men*, Washington has been reveling in the speculation over the identity of their crucial mystery leaker. And in the weeks since the existence of Deep Throat was itself disclosed, the only person not to come under suspicion is Linda Lovelace.

According to the book, Deep Throat had a position so sensitive in the executive branch that he would not allow Woodward to quote him, even as an anonymous source. Rather, "their discussions would be only to confirm information that had been obtained elsewhere and to add some perspective." Also, Deep Throat was so afraid of being spotted or overheard talking to the enemy that he insisted Woodward not call him and that they meet in the middle of the night, usually in an underground garage far from Woodward's apartment.

Woodward, who apparently knew Deep Throat before the Watergate break-in, promised never to reveal his identity. So far, he has been true to his word. Most Washington reporters assume that there is some degree of ritual track covering in the Woodward-Bernstein description of Deep Throat's position, habits and revelations. Deep Throat's cigarette habit, for example, might be (pardon the expression) a smoke screen thrown in to lead us away from all nonsmokers in the executive branch.

Despite the purposeful vagueness of the description, several names have been making the rounds of late. One of the first to pop up in discussions is L. Patrick Gray, the former acting FBI director who shares with Woodward a Yale and U.S. Navy background. As we have seen from subsequent revelations, the presidential higher-ups had no great liking for Gray, despite his work on the 1968 Nixon campaign. His concern with the ravaging effects of Watergate was demonstrated as early as July 6, 1972, when he told the President, "People on your staff are trying to mortally wound you."

When Nixon dismissed him with the warning, "Pat, you just continue to conduct your aggressive and thorough investigation," it is quite possible that Gray decided the only interested ear he was going to get would be the public's. And of course he was in a perfect position to report on the 1,500 FBI interviews then taking place. Suspicion of him as a major leak might have been one of the factors prompting John Ehrlichman's joyful proclamation that Gray should "twist slowly, slowly in the wind."

Deep Throat generally distrusted the press. "I don't like newspapers," he is quoted as saying. Gray was no admirer of the fourth estate, reviling it publicly in an almost Agnewesque fashion after he became acting FBI director.

Yet there are also compelling reasons against Gray's Deep Throat candidacy. While Deep Throat was to be used only for confirmation, Gray was quoted more than once by Woodward and Bernstein. Also, Deep Throat told them that the scandal "goes all over the map. . . . Not one of the [undercover operations] was free-lance." He was concerned that all the crimes be understood to be related. It is rather difficult to square this with Woodward and Bernstein's own Sept. 9, 1972, account of Gray attempting to limit the investigation to just the Watergate break-in. And in a story the following April, on the day Gray resigned from the Bureau, the reporters cited the details of his destruction of vital Watergate evidence.

A dope sheet on Woodward and Bernstein's number one source—the voice that launched a thousand Water gate revelations

Another possibility is former Defense Secretary and presidential adviser Melvin Laird. Laird, generally thought to be one of the more honest of the Nixon men, was never a great favorite of Haldeman. And Haldeman's involvement with the $350,000 secret fund was one of Deep Throat's first major revelations. Laird's loyalty to Nixon was more in the way of a party loyalty than a personal one, and he might well have believed that the Watergate cover-up would be far more damaging to the party than the revelation of transgressions of Nixon lieutenants. Among many Washington journalists, Laird is known as an expert leaker, and, being the diplomat that he is, it is not difficult to conceive of him standing behind the President during the day and spilling the beans about him in deserted garages at night . . . if you can imagine him in garages at night at all.

The thinking against Laird is that during the early phase of Watergate he was still over at the Pentagon, and would have been hard pressed to keep his fingers in all the pies that Deep Throat apparently knew about. And when the going got truly rough for The Boss, who was called in to try to patch things up with Congress but the Old Pro, Melvin Laird? Such a twist of public and private loyalties is not unheard of in Washington, but when the stakes grow to such dizzying heights, only the best players can remain in the game. Still, Laird may be among the best.

Among such fence straddlers, the most intriguing though admittedly far-fetched possibility is Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen, who supervised the original Justice Department investigation of Watergate. The portrait that has since emerged is of a man torn by his responsibility to carry out a vigorous examination versus his loyalty to his ultimate boss, the President. The fact that he was keeping Nixon and John Dean abreast of all developments tends to indicate how the conflict was resolved. But it is conceivable that for his own peculiar reasons, Petersen decided to maintain a balance by leaking equally to both sides.

On the same tongues as Gray, Laird and Petersen is the name of former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst. There is no indication that he knew of Watergate in advance, but, if he wished, he could have been kept informed of all investigative developments. Also, since he had worked with the 1968 campaign, it is realistic to suppose that he probably had a fairly complete knowledge of the workings of the Committee to Re-elect the President, whose activities Deep Throat seemed to know something about.

Only hours after the break-in on June 7, 1972, Gordon Liddy approached Kleindienst and asked him to arrange the release of the five suspects. Kleindienst refused, indicating he did not believe the matter should be covered up. And though he had ties to many of the principals, Kleindienst himself is not thought to have participated in the scandal.

Mark Olshaker is a free lance currently working for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch *Washington bureau.*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

In his testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee, John Dean said, "Kleindienst told me that my superiors at the White House never understood that once an investigation begins, it runs its full course," indicating the attorney general's intentions as regarding the Justice Department. Many reporters who do not see eye to eye with him politically still consider Kleindienst a moral, sensitive man. Whether he would be moral enough to blow the whistle on his best friends is another matter.

Then we get into the same problem we had with Gray. Deep Throat wanted the whole thing made known, all the interrelating details. There is one detail the attorney general had a stake in not making known—his alleged involvement in the ITT affair.

It is now known that the man in the middle of the whole mess was John Wesley Dean III. And owing to Dean's propensity for loose talk, just about anyone who came in contact with him stood to know quite a bit. It is remotely possible that Dean himself was the source, since he was in a position to see just about all of what was going on. He was also in on numerous presidential conferences and, like Deep Throat, would have had advance word on Nixon's decisions and strategies. In their book Woodward and Bernstein speak of Deep Throat quoting Nixon on his fury over *Post* reports of classified information, in a way that makes it appear the source was present at the meetings.

What obviously mitigates the case for Dean is that he was one of the primary architects of the cover-up. And as early as Woodward was apparently getting information from Deep Throat, we can't genuinely expect a man to leak material which might ultimately lead to his prosecution, unless. . .

. . . Unless he had strong reason to believe that the story was bound to come out, that others were more culpable than he, that he wanted to get the prosecutors interested in his knowledge enough to offer him immunity, and figured to legitimatize his own information by having it put in print.

Assuming that Dean's knowledge was a significant part of Deep Throat's revelations, a very strong contender would be someone close to Dean but without Dean's high profile and vulnerability. Most prominent on this list is his former assistant, Fred Fielding. Dean claimed before the Watergate committee that Fielding had only "bits and pieces" of information. Evidently, the committee believed this because even though he was called in for staff questioning, Fielding was one of the few major aides not asked to testify publicly.

Fielding has remained one of the shadowy figures of the Watergate affair. He stayed on at the White House after his boss was fired in April of 1973, leaving only this past January. Therefore, he might have had knowledge of inner happenings as late as last November, when Deep Throat reportedly broke the tape-tampering story to Woodward. And since he has never been implicated in the cover-up, it does not strain credulity to speculate that he might have had strong motives for seeing that the truth was not buried under a heap of Zieglerisms.

NEW TIMES asked Fielding, now in private law practice, if it were conceivable that he was Deep Throat. He was less than thrilled by the inference. "Obviously, a lawyer doesn't need stories circulating around that he is a person who violates confidences. What can I do to dissuade you from writing that I am Deep Throat? I am not your man. . . . All I can do is tell you I am not."

Owing to Dean's propensity for loose talk, anyone who came in contact with him stood to know quite a bit

In the running with Fielding is veteran Nixon adviser Richard Moore, who also shared Dean's confidence. He knew firsthand the workings of CREEP and could have obtained access to the Justice Department, either through Dean or others. But though he is well regarded personally, Moore probably would not have leaked information which in any way could have harmed his President and friend. Nor is Moore one of those you normally see lurking in garages.

The newest and perhaps strongest theory currently making the rounds is that the source was in the executive branch, but not in the White House or the Executive Office Building. Rather, Deep Throat could have quite easily been a high-level investigator on U.S. Attorney Earl Sibert's staff or possibly in the FBI. A chronological reading of their stories of the past 23 months indicates that Woodward and Bernstein's knowledge and information grew at about the same rate as that of the FBI and the federal prosecution force.

When it became clear to insiders that neither Gray nor Petersen was bending over backwards to assure a complete and accurate investigation, a number of career men in either organization might have become perturbed. One might have felt that the path was leading to a complete cover-up of the truth and that since it might never come out in the courts, the only recourse was the press. Such a person's obsession with the confidentiality of his revelations is understandable. Were he discovered while the investigation was in progress, he would not only lose his job, but the truth would then become that much further removed from the public. This theory would also explain Deep Throat's knowledge of the Hugh Sloan testimony before the grand jury, and most of the other revelations of 1972 and early 1973.

What it does not explain is Deep Throat's knowledge of the conversations between Nixon and Ehrlichman over the Gray nomination. That leak indicates someone within the White House itself. And so does the source's prior knowledge in April of 1973 that Haldeman and Dean were getting the ax; at that time Woodward and Bernstein wrote that sources "insisted that Dean is being made a sacrificial lamb." Here again, a likely candidate is Fred Fielding, who would have had reason for wanting to protect his boss.

But, in the same piece, the reporters go on to say, "An independent source with close ties to the White House—but not to Dean—has given the *Post* a similar account." If this is a reference to Deep Throat, which seems highly plausible, then Fielding is not our man.

Which brings us back to the original point. Deep Throat could be nearly anyone and is quite possibly someone we've never heard of. A nonpartisan, high-level career bureaucrat would fit the bill, though it is difficult to conceive of such a man being party to so much of the Watergate dirt. At any rate, it was a hell of a source and it is to Woodward's credit that he was able to find, develop and keep him in the midst of what has to be called the greatest concerted attack ever made by an American administration against a newspaper.

At this writing, a new and equally challenging guessing game has taken over the spotlight in Washington; namely, trying to figure out what (inaudible), (unintelligible) and (expletive deleted) mean on each of 1,308 pages of presidential conversation transcript. But for months and even years to come, as Gemstone, Deep Six, This Point in Time and Deep Throat become the stuff of legends, people in Washington will from time to time stare into their cocktails and fleetingly comment, "I wonder who it really was." ●

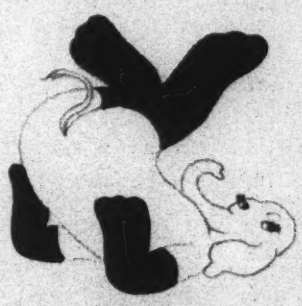
REPUBLICAN PARTY JOKES

Our Inoperative Dictionary defines *at this point in time* as now.

Upon leaving a New York courtroom during his recent troubles, former Attorney General Mitchell was besieged by reporters. Even after he got in his car, one female reporter persisted in badgering him.

"Sir," the chauffeur observed with considerable pique, "we can't leave until this woman is removed from the area of the limousine."

Mitchell puffed contentedly on his pipe and replied with a twinkle, "Close the door on her hand."



Our Inoperative Dictionary defines *streaking* as winning one special congressional election in a row.

Upon being told by reporters that the Nixon administration seemed to be advocating neo-Fascist policies, Attorney General Mitchell thought for a moment and advised wittily, "Watch what we do instead of what we say."

Our Inoperative Dictionary defines an *inoperative statement* as one that was made yesterday.

Our Inoperative Dictionary defines a *Republican convention* as two skeletons in a closet.

We've heard that many congressmen are calling the release of the White House transcripts an impeachable defense.

While in China, the presidential party went to a museum. In the course of their tour they came upon an exhibit of ancient jewelry.

"They must be worth a fortune!" Pat exclaimed.

"You ought to search everybody now," the President advised their guide, "to make sure they don't have anything in their pockets."

"Well I'm not going to talk to him any more about that," said Mr. Nixon, expressing his sick-and-tiredness of the whole Watergate matter. "After all, I'm the President of the country—and I'm going to get on with it and meet Italians and Germans and all these others."

Reporters were badgering Ron Ziegler, trying to find out the latest developments in Indochina. After enduring the interrogation for several minutes, Mr. Ziegler's patience finally cracked.

"The President is aware of what's going on in Southeast Asia," he snapped.

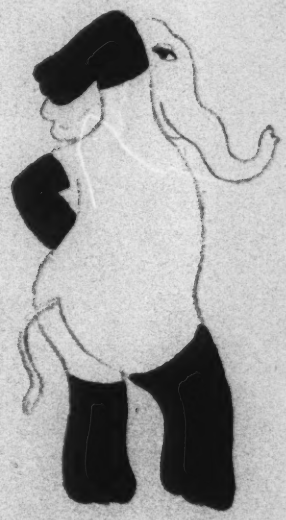
Then, instantly realizing that he had revealed too much, he assumed a conciliatory smile and oozed, "That's not to say that there is anything going on in Southeast Asia."

We've been hearing about a new best seller full of sadism, masochism and debasement—*The Story of P.*

The Pat Gray hearings had become a disaster. The President and his staff were discussing various methods of ridding themselves of this albatross.

The mood was grim as several options were suggested and discarded. Suddenly John Dean broke up the room when he deadpanned, "Maybe someone will shoot him."

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
The Special Prosecutor.
The Special Prosecutor who?
The Special Prosecutor, the House Judiciary Committee, the tape experts, the IRS and the public.
Uh-oh.



P. (Inaudible)
H. (Characterization omitted)
P. (Unintelligible)
(Material unrelated to presidential actions deleted)
E. (Inaudible)
H. (Unintelligible)
P. (Expletive deleted)
(Laughter)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAM COOPERSTEIN

Which are you?

- ☐ first born
- ☐ first son
- ☐ second to last
- ☐ other in-between
- ☐ youngest
- ☐ only

check one, and read on . . .

Your birth order affects your personality. Did you know, for instance, that 21 of the first 23 American astronauts to fly into outer space were first born?

By Sonny Kleinfield

Being a middle, Richard Nixon is apt to be gregarious and socially fluent, but (as we all know) he is also apt to be devious. He is a good matrimonial risk. Willy Brandt, having been an only (illegitimate at that), was accordingly a high achiever in school, and was blessed with a cool ability to rule others. He disdains household chores, but, then, what man doesn't. His arrival eighth of ten makes it too complex to surmise with any exactitude what John Jay was like, other than to allow he would have gone further had he been first or tenth.

Curious race that we are, we continually catch ourselves poking under rugs and behind doors for clues to who we are—but why are we who we are? Fashioned as we are, what next? Where do our elbows rightfully belong, and why there? The impenetrable riddles. Unsuited to leaving them alone, astrological devotees monkey with the view that one's life twirls in the stars, geneticists tie it all into one's chem-

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR VALLA

Liv Ullman, a youngest, with Henry Kissinger, an oldest.

istry and others work on wishbones and black cats, but much audience is being accorded the notion that how one turns out depends in good part on when one was turned out. That is, the position of one's birth with respect to any brothers and sisters has much to say about one's destiny.

Specifically, birth order theory concerns itself with assessing the effect of one's ordinal position on his subsequent personality, social performance, marital suitability and career choice. A century of research in the field suggests that someone born first in a family will develop quite differently from someone born second. He, in turn, will mature along different lines than someone born third, and so forth. Behaviorists, by their nature, leave matters nowhere so simple. Conjecture exists for the first-born male versus the first-born female, the second-born male sandwiched between two sisters, as opposed to the second-born male bunched between two brothers, or one stuck between a brother and sister. One presumably could mount a reasonably convincing case for, say, the uniqueness of the eighth-born male part of a platoon of a dozen males and nine females, nestled between a younger brother and older sister, and born to a mother appearing third after two males and a father conceived second on the heels of a sister and in advance of twin brothers (born Siamese).

I propose to think only of basic birth positions—namely, those of an only child, eldest, middle and youngest—and to not think about them too seriously. Little is solid in the realm of birth order theory—we are too much a people of quirks and crotchets, and always will be. In any case, whatever clout birth order wields, it is inevitably mitigated, accentuated or otherwise swayed by manifold other factors—environment, genes, stars, for all anyone knows—that sculpt our personality. A person is never the prisoner of his birth order alone; there are other jails he must answer to.

To set down some fast history, no one knows for sure who first opined that one's orbit in the family constellation held more than mere numerical significance, or what nourished this to mind. All we know is that Sir Francis Galton, in 1875, wrote that research implied that first-born men clearly exceeded later-born men, and what chance would dictate, in becoming eminent scientists, a theory still holding currency today. Minds were immediately set awhir, and studies and theories trundled forth from psychologists, sociologists, behaviorists and all with an itch to put an answer to a question, and they continue to issue forth in profusion.

Researchers, by and large, have spent their considerable energies on distinguishing first born from later born, almost to the exclusion of setting apart specific ordinal positions, and it is in this area that the most definitive conclusions can be fashioned. Folklore has told us to look to later born. (For instance, in Grimm's fairy tales for children, most successful characters were inexplicably later born, and we all know the troubles Cain saw, as opposed to his later brothers.) Research has told us otherwise. We can safely say first born are apt to perform best on achievement tests, to generate copy for *Who's Who* (not to mention the *Dictionary of National Biography*), to fill seats at Ivy League schools, to become Rhodes Scholars, to boast IQs in the top 1 percent and to otherwise set the world on fire, or, at the least, to ignite a city. They are likely to amass more fortune than princes find in fairy tales. If not born first, studies would

Hubert Humphrey, an in-between: "many prominent politicians evolve from the middle positions."

Sonny Kleinfield, a reporter for The Wall Street Journal, *last wrote a cover story for* NEW TIMES *on the fuel crisis.*

Oldest child Mick Jagger: "apt to set the world on fire."

have it, why be born at all? (Understand, though, that this is less true of female first born, though women's liberation may rouse results more androgynous.)

One of the most intriguing, surely the most extensive, studies tying academic performance to birth order was completed just months ago by Lillian Belmont and Francis Marolla, two research scientists at Columbia's School of Public Health. For reasons only statisticians would understand, the pair chose as subjects a complete population of nearly 400,000 19-year-old men, representing virtually all male survivors of children born in the Netherlands from 1944 through 1947 who still resided in the Netherlands on turning 19. What they found was that performance on an achievement test (the Raven Progressive Matrices) decreased as birth order rose. With few inconsistencies, first born scored best, trailed, in sequence, by second born, third born, fourth born and so forth. What's more, they found that the smaller the family one appeared in, the better one scored; that is, a third born from a three-child family outperformed a third born from a four-child family, who bested a third born from a five-child family. A clutter of other studies have produced similar results, though, as Doctors Belmont and Marolla point out, most birth order studies "suffer from the use of such select samples as college students and patients in psychiatric settings."

Fortifying these findings, historical intimations abound that many gainful achievers have been first-born children. Some of them: Einstein, Freud, Goethe, Newton, Picasso, Shakespeare, Nehru, Beethoven, Shelley, Dante, Nietzsche, George Washington, Martin Luther King, Caesar, Alexander the Great. Of our first 23 men to fly in space, fully 21 were first born and the other two close; one had an older brother die, and the second was much younger in age than a brother. Since NASA says it doesn't consider birth order in astronaut selection, the startling preponderance of first born in the group would never appear in a random sample of a male population. Surely, the ovarian dice are loaded in favor of first born, but the question is how were they loaded?

Katharine Hepburn and Dick Cavett: she's oldest of five, he's an only.

Here, there is less hard evidence, though no less speculation. Common thinking has it that parents lord over and pander first children, their initial fling at the child-rearing business, welcoming them with greater apprehension and anxiety than they do subsequent offspring. Through book and chatter, they acquire encyclopedic knowledge of the nuances of bringing up youngsters, and they apply it with a fidelity that often borders on obsession. If they have done little else right in life, they are convinced they can raise one sparkling example of a child. Further, since first children are spared sibling rivalry, at least for a while, they command a monopoly over their parents' time, allowing greater opportunity for them to parrot their parents' thoughts and actions. Strong evidence exists that first born display superior verbal skills than do later born, presumably a consequence of the more frequent interchange the first born can avail himself of with his parents. No corresponding dominance in mathematical acumen, though, has been documented, which makes sense if one considers that few parents converse with their kids in rhomboids and isosceles triang es.

Moreover, parents typically drill their grandiose, if often idealistic, convictions about how their children should behave and evolve into their first born, whether he will pour ketchup on his cottage cheese (he will not), and whether he will appreciate da Vinci and be able to issue forth the latitude and longitude of Zulat (he will). More than other children, the first born is subjected to rigid physical discipline, since parents, at least initially, tend to thrash their offspring under the debatable belief that the whip is mightier than the word. "The first born is Mom and Pop's pride and joy," says a leading birth order investigator. "You know, if the parents stand guard over him 24 hours a day, put him on the rack if he happens to burp out of place, then they figure little Sambo will grow up to be Albert Einstein." These

Oldest

Jim Bouton	Mark Spitz
Walt Frazier	Gloria Steinem
Angela Davis	Mary Tyler Moore
Billy Graham	Raquel Welch
Clint Eastwood	Billie Jean King
Germaine Greer	Muhammad Ali
Glenda Jackson	Janis Joplin
Stacy Keach	Rose Kennedy
Mick Jagger	Liza Minnelli
Henry Kissinger	Jackie Onassis
Yoko Ono	Paul McCartney

From top to bottom, the Marx Brothers in birth order: Chico, Harpo, Groucho, Zeppo.

In Between

Bea Arthur	Richard Nixon
Daniel Ellsberg	Tom Eagleton
General Haig	Daniel Berrigan
Katharine Graham	Fidel Castro
Halston	Golda Meir
Albert Schweitzer	Pat Nixon
Hubert Humphrey	James Taylor
Mia Farrow	Diana Ross
Bernadette Devlin	Kate Millet

are pressures to which the first child is subjected simply because he is first; he will either achieve much or his parents will know why not.

Interestingly, Stanley Schacter, a leading birth order investigator and psychology professor at Columbia, found birth order related to one's courage. He composed an experiment in which subjects were instructed to wait in a room in advance of being juiced with painful electrical shocks. While waiting, they were offered the choice of braving the ordeal alone or with companionship. Schacter found that first-born women displayed a stronger desire to wait with others than did later-born women. Questioned about a series of ascending electrical shocks, only and first-born women still showed the greater desire to be with others. Schacter doesn't pretend to know all the whys and why nots of these results. However, he does postulate that, in early childhood, first born had perhaps been taught to associate the alleviation of fear with the presence of others, what with Mom dashing to baby's side at every whimper to comfort him, whether called for or not. On the other hand, the more neglected later born (Mom being busier and wiser now) came to learn that, in terrifying situations, calm must be brought about by one's own efforts.

Youngest child Huey Newton: "likely to accept leadership with comfort."

Last born Barbara Walters with second son Senator John Tunney.

Other studies add credence to these findings. A survey of male alcoholics, for instance, deducted that winos were more likely to be later born, which implies that, on being beset by hard times, the later born, rather than look to fellow man for solace, instead hops on the wagon. Another study found first born more inclined to enter psychotherapy, and less inclined to drop out. They are perhaps more given to suicide. Later born, though, were discovered more apt to dally in dangerous sports—football, ice hockey, auto racing—being less fearful of being trampled. Finally, it was found that first-born children are unlikely to make proficient fighter pilots (a calling where one confronts anxiety—in the form of enemy planes—alone), a consideration perhaps worthy of being taken into account by Air Force enlistment officers.

A fascinating theory, appetizing to savor if impossible to conclusively prove, is offered by psychoanalyst Irving Harris, linking birth order to intellectual approaches to life's miseries. First-born children, Harris says, think in general terms, tending to lug the past into the present because they cling to the yardstick of their parents, manufacture in the past. Under attack, they tend to react with a stiffening of personal identity, being both consistent and rigid about their principles. Later-born children, on the other hand, absorb their principles from peers, who are appreciably more practical, Harris explains. They are more apt to shift ground, shucking one identity and fitting into another. They are both intensely pragmatic, as well as somewhat deceptive.

Harris takes this theory and applies it to politics with most interesting ramifications. His most provocative discovery

First born Billy Graham: how loaded are the ovarian dice in favor of the first born?

(quite possibly coincidental) is that of our 37 presidents, seven of the 20 first born have led the country into battle (remember, first born would rather fight than switch)—these being Madison, Polk, Lincoln, Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman and Johnson. Yet only one of the later sons did, namely McKinley.

What's more, Harris postulates that first sons were necessary as leaders during the Second World War, for past values were under siege and we wished them defended. Hence, we ushered to power first sons Churchill, Hitler, Mussolini and Franklin Roosevelt. Then, abruptly, the world swung to practical protectiveness, and accordingly we summoned later-born children to show the way—MacMillan, de Gaulle, Adenauer, John Kennedy, Castro, Golda Meir. America faltered in 1964, with two first sons vying for power, Johnson and Goldwater, but let no theory die on such small consequence. And, indeed, in 1968 back roared two later borns, Nixon and Humphrey, followed in 1972 by Nixon and McGovern, yet another later born. Should we take Harris seriously, and who is to say we should not, then along with inflation, hunger, street crime and detente, birth order may emerge as heady campaign material in future elections.

Only children, birth order specialists concur, differ markedly from other first born, even though all first born, of course, qualify as only children for a period of time, whether months or years. Being subjected to parental pressure for achievement for a more protracted period, the onlies stand as the highest achievers of all, the very elite of the birth order hierarchy. They are principally responsible for the overwhelming evidence that first born soar to eminent stature. Earlier studies also have them branded as spoiled brats, though contemporary evidence presents them at no special disadvantage.

Philip Berrigan, youngest, and Daniel Berrigan, in-between.

Youngest

Princess Anne	Liv Ullman
Tom Jones	Barbara Walters
Adele Davis	Bobby Orr
Goldie Hawn	Philip Berrigan
Isaac Hayes	Shirley Temple
Andre Previn	Ronald Reagan
Olga Korbut	Mae West
Bette Midler	Elizabeth Taylor
Huey P. Newton	George Harrison
Buddy Rich	Samuel Beckett

In cases, though, parental strain can be great on the only. Mary Astor, an only daughter, discourses at length in her autobiography how her father, failing in his own ambitions, funneled his energies into prodding her to lofty heights. While she later was to mourn the emotional turbulence the pressure wrought on her, the end occupational result, after all, was what Daddy had in mind. A smoother example of an only child fired to prosperity is our only president born an only child, Franklin Roosevelt, whose wealthy parents carefully monitored his emergence from neonate to adult.

Only child Lauren Bacall: a tendency to be gregarious and popular.

The most glaring difference between onlies and other first born, of course, is the absence of younger siblings. It is hard to say for sure what this means. It is speculated that since onlies are spared rival siblings, they can easier accept disappointment should they fail to live up to parental expectations. At the same time, they are probably less inclined to jealousy, never having to watch others come along and snatch their place in the family sun.

Loneliness can be a worry, though it can have its productive effects; only child Hedy Lamarr, finding herself often alone, was given to fantasy play that presumably led to her emergence as a highly successful actress. It perhaps suited Charles Lindbergh, an only son, to the rigors of a solo flight across the Atlantic. And, indeed, studies point out that, loneliness or no, onlies tend to be quite gregarious and popular. Witness Sammy Davis Jr., an only son.

It is also opined, though, that only children tend to marry with idealistic expectations, sifting for a spouse who will serve as father or mother. Such children, it is said, suffer more the consequences of quixotic gesture. Giving credence to this, researcher Everette Hall found the

Only child Elliot Gould: given to fantasy play?

amount of broken engagements involving only children remarkably high, with only children also tending to experience a much higher than normal rate of separation and divorce.

More difficult to explore, and therefore generally left alone, is the middle child. Considering that in a simple three-child family, the middle child might be one of three boys or one of three girls, the only boy or girl among the children, or one of two children of the same sex, with the sibling of the same sex either older or younger, it is little wonder that most investigators have let the middle child be. What has been found to be particularly uninviting is the middle position in a family of sibling all the same sex. Psychologist M.H. Krout found that the more children of the same sex in a family, the less likely the parents were to prefer one of them. He further deducted that parents least favor a girl either preceded or followed by another girl, and it is especially bad news to be the middle of three sisters. In such

Brother and sister act: Shirley MacLaine is the oldest, Warren Beatty the youngest.

instances, the middle sister is apt to pursue interests divorced from those of her sisters in order to achieve distinction. "The middle child is kind of left out," says psychology professor B.G. Rosenberg. "He is sort of a black sheep."

Less driven by his parents, however, the middle child is apt to be more even-tempered and relaxed. It is also thought he is most likely to mock the immediately older brother or sister to him, being relatively uninfluenced by his immediately younger sibling, or others in the family. Having matured amid other siblings, middle children are thought more gregarious and convivial, more at ease in social settings, more familiar with the back rooms of men's minds; they trade in little privacy. Such familiarity with disparate personalities suggests middle children might be most apt to enter acting careers.

Although studies imply that firstborn children are most likely to occupy the choice seats in our social theater, this is not to say intermediates dig ditches and haul trash. Many prominent politicians—as has already been pointed out—evolve from middle positions. There is some thought that since the middle child is confronted with competition on two fronts, he often stoops to sneakiness and otherwise intrigues against his fellow siblings in order to nudge ahead in the quest for attention. What better trait than sneakiness can a politician pray for, particularly in these days of political espionage and deceit. By closely monitoring the responses of his many Wall Street acquaintances and thereby learning to manipulate various situations, Bernard Baruch, the second son in a four-boy family, was able to emerge as one of finance's wizards, as well as a shrewd presidential adviser. Being more pliable to wishes of others, middle children are also believed favorable matrimonial risks; for no known reason, the child from the fourth slot boasts an especially fine matrimonial track record.

Little substantive has evolved about the family baby. Like other later borns, he escapes heavy parental pressure; by now, parents realize that if they less than smother their children with care and affection, the kids will still somehow live, even grow up. But, then, the last born is still the baby, and accordingly attracts special pandering, not only by Mom and Dad, but also by brothers and sisters; supplied with numerous examples to follow, he is apt to develop along creative and productive lines. Often, there is fear he will mature at a plodding pace, there being no younger siblings for him to dominate. He never wallows in the heady satisfaction of feeling totally more capable than another child in his family. Since the youngest child is more susceptible to the loss of a parent through death, a develop-

Oldest child Gloria Steinem: generating copy for Who's Who.

Billy Jean King: oldest children are apt to perform best.

ment known to exert an enormous adverse impact on the emotional development of a child, hospitals often report large schizophrenic populations of youngest children.

In especially large families, some studies indicate, the youngest child occasionally outperforms the oldest in academia. This would principally be true because, in such families, oldest children are expected to assume practical responsibilities around the house which would detract from, if not entirely rule out, academic pursuits, thus tossing the advantage to the family baby. More prevailing a factor, however, is the traditional emphasis society has placed on the oldest son, which has worked to restrict opportunities for youngest children. With today's dominant attitude of college being for everyone, though, this seems sure to change. An interesting point with respect to youngest children is that since they have learned

Walt Frazier: the eldest of nine (two boys and seven girls).

ways of getting what they want without coming into direct conflict with authority—in other words, by way of their siblings rather than their parents—they are likely to accept leadership and authority with comfort, being somewhat less impressed with the gaudier perquisites of power. Can this be Ho Chi Minh, youngest of three? Youngest children, studies also indicate, are most apt to be married; having been doused with affection and protection in childhood, they come to attach great importance to the protection of others. Here, witness youngest child Elizabeth Taylor.

Scant conclusive evidence exists implying that any specific profession is any more suitable to one birth position versus another, other than that if one has an eminent position open, one might do well to plug it up with a first born, better yet an only. However, psychology professors B.G. Rosenberg and Brian Sutton-Smith have reached some fascinating conclusions with respect to the second child in a two-child family. "The first born, of course, occupies a surrogate role, being a doctor, lawyer, schoolteacher," Rosenberg notes. "But the second born with an opposite-sex sibling tends to be a real swinger, in comparison."

By being a second born with someone of the opposite sex as one's sibling, the psychology professors conclude, one is more comfortably adjusted to masculine-feminine relationships, tends to be more sensitive and is generally reared in a well-balanced, pleasing environment. As a result, Rosenberg says, the second born is apt to go on to be a wheeler-dealer entrepreneur, an artist, sculptor, writer or "some sort of creative cat." (My having been second born after a sister explains why I am writing this article rather than performing brain surgery.)

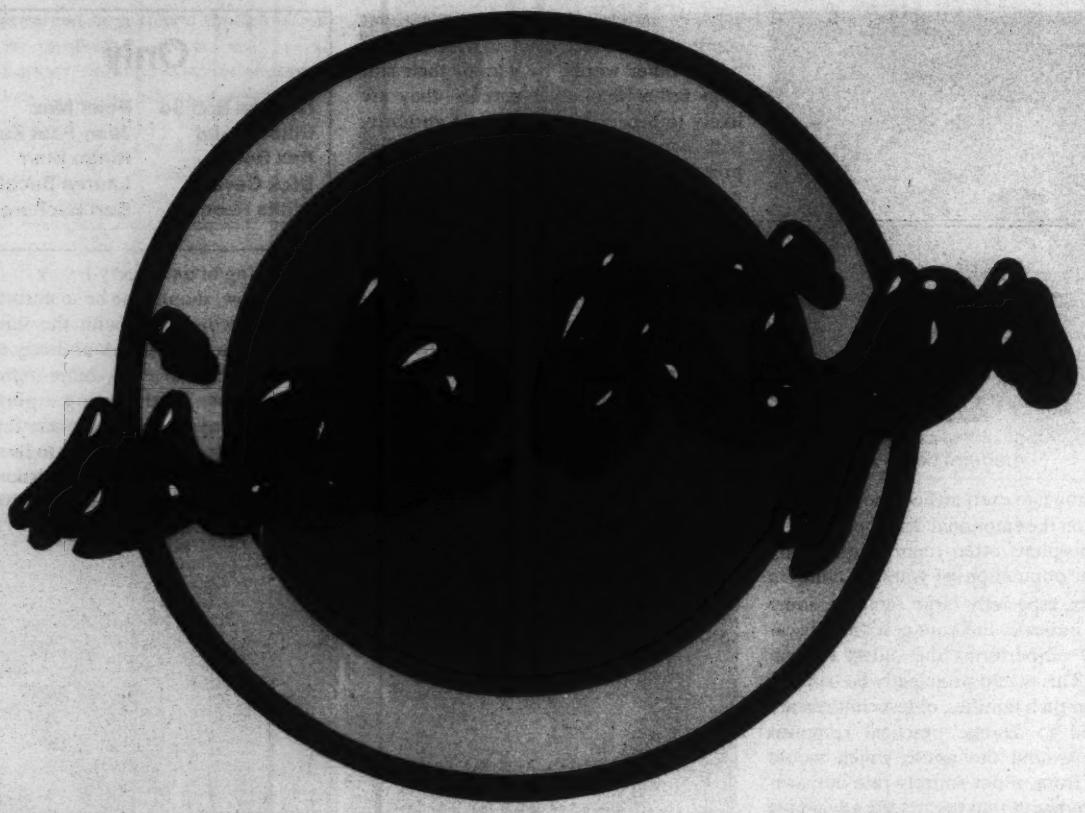
Now, should one be so unfortunate to be a second born with the same-sex sibling, then he would doubtlessly evolve as dullish, apt to enter more "straight" professions—engineering, perhaps, Rosenberg explains. Moreover, the second-born boy would be likely to be super-masculine, whereas the second-born girl would be likely to be super-feminine. "With the second born with the same-sex sibling, there's just none of the creativity, the let-it-all-hang-out inclination," Rosenberg notes.

All of which means what? How, after all, does one apply birth order theory equivocally to families of poverty level and those of the super-rich, to communes and kibbutzim, to Ugandans and Eskimos, to the blind and the mute, to families as disparate and idiosyncratic as the surface warts of the earth? Any but the most general conclusions seem doubtful experiments. We are a nation of theorists. We take a notion, drill it until we lust to get our hands on answers, finding magic in tiny solutions of the lumbering world. No doubt back as far as cave man times, cave mother doled out the most chores to eldest son, and no doubt he went on to club more animals than did younger brother. When we try to figure whether middle sister made good broth or not is when we run amok.●

Only

Herman Badillo	Peter Max
Elliot Gould	Jean-Paul Sartre
Rex Reed	Ringo Starr
Dick Cavett	Lauren Bacall
Willis Reed	Burt Bacharach

The second born of two (Peter Fonda) who has an opposite sex sibling (Jane Fonda) is likely to be "some kind of crazy cat."



Up against the ecology beast

Obsidian, Idaho—Beside a stack of dogeared copies of *Reader's Digest*, Melbourne W. Fry, 66, creeked back and forth determinedly in an old rocking chair, carving two deep ruts into the Sears carpet. A former postman who voted for Barry Goldwater in 1964, Fry retired to the mile-high Sawtooth Valley three years ago and built a home with his own hands. He built it solid, he explains, to screen out the winter snows blown by winds as cold as 50 degrees below zero which rampage into the sagebrush-and-scrub-covered valley from the craggy Sawtooth Mountains to the west.

And now Fry, gnarled and ruddy, raging like the incessant wind, says the United States Forest Service wants to plow his house under—in the name of environmental preservation.

Fry is one of 271 persons who own property around Obsidian, a settlement of 30 persons in winter and 150 in summer encased in the 754,000-acre Sawtooth National Recreation Area. The Forest Service has told the citizens of Obsidian—scattered along Highway 93 in two small gas stations, a motel, two restaurants, A-frame homes and trailer courts laced together by telephone wires—that most of their town will be razed. "Returned to an agricultural classification," the documents say.

The problem, it seems, is that the portion of the town on the west side of the highway mars travelers' views of the Sawtooths, which rise a mile above the valley floor like weathered lions' teeth. Obsidian residents and property owners who want to stay in the isolated valley are searching the laws for a way to keep the Forest Service from returning their town to pasture. They have found none. Within months the bulldozers may move in.

The prospect that the bulldozer—usually cast as the environmentalists' enemy—may now destroy the town at their behest has alienated most Obsidian residents from the federal government. "I went to the Forest Service. I called them fascists—to their faces," Fry shouted.

About ten other Obsidian residents, most of them elderly, sat around the carpeted living room, joining the anti-government chorus. The living room belongs to E.W. Nichols, who owns the Swiss Villa Motel. Nichols has reluctantly decided to sell the four-room motel (no telephones, no pool, no TV) to the Forest Service. He says he's tired of the Forest Service. He wants to re-retire, this time to Florida.

Nichols' next-door neighbor, however, wants to stay. He is John Mayer, a former Columbia Broadcasting System executive, who owns the Valley Hearth Restaurant.

"Agriculture!" snorts Mayer. "No animal makes it up here except some crazy humans who spend winter huddled inside." The Forest Service's own reports acknowledge that temperatures fall well below freezing here even on most summer nights. On August mornings thick frost often coats the sagebrush.

"The Forest Service states that the area will be returned to its 'original state,' " says Mayer, "which is, by the way, sagebrush. Isn't complete abrogation of human and civil rights a rather high price to pay for sagebrush?"

White heads nod around the living room. Words like "fascist" and "totalitarian" slide out easily now, describing the tactics of a government the speakers now see as a bureaucratic monster, with them its prey.

"The real issue," says Mayer, "is that they don't like our houses. The ecology issue is a smoke screen. When the government can tell me to give up my house, what will be next . . . my religion? I don't know if I would rather live in Franco's Spain, or Stalin's Russia, or the Forest Service's Sawtooth Valley."

Why, one man asks, doesn't the government simply reroute the highway to the west of town, allowing residents to stay

without obstructing the view of the mountains? "Why?" answers another man. "Because they never want to do the obvious."

By Bruce Johansen

How I lost the championship for the Knicks

New York City, N. Y.—It is Wednesday night, April 24, and it's all over. We have just lost. The Celtics have beaten us in five games. Tommy Heinsohn's sneer will take its place alongside Bobby Thompson's bat. Jo Jo White's laser eyes will stare me into restless sleep. Dave Cowen's driving hooks will intimidate me in other arenas. And it's my own damn fault. I blew it.

By now you have read the post-series analyses, but if you believe them you are laboring under a serious misconception. The Knicks did not lose because Dave DeBusschere had stomach cramps or because Willis Reed recovered too slowly from his knee injury. And if you think Bill Bradley's troubles finding the hoop or John Gianelli's inability to stop Cowens or the lack of spark provided by Meminger, Bibby and Lucas when they came in off the bench had anything to do with the horrible finality of Boston fists raised in victory, you are making a terrible mistake.

I alone am responsible.

I control the Knicks. What I do determines how they do. Only modesty prevented me from speaking up after last year's triumph, but I am man enough to shoulder the blame when I deserve it. And, boy, do I deserve it.

The simple facts are these: I managed the series with a succession of cool, deliberate moves that often go unnoticed by fans and reporters alike. I lit my cigarettes when a Celtic rally had to be extinguished. I inhaled when a Celtic shot. I exhaled when a Knick released the ball. They even tried to lure me into using the regular dial on my TV set by interfering with my cable reception. I wasn't fooled.

Let Red Holzman grab the spotlight. I was content to work quietly from the bed. My ashtray stayed on the floor. I leaned only on my right side. I used two pillows. My heels lightly touched each other. The window shades were pulled down to within one inch of the sill. My matchbook remained face up. I wore only pajama bottoms. The TV's color was adjusted to the light side. Coffee was sipped during timeouts. The phone was answered during play only after three rings. The room was vacated during half time.

What's the big deal, you ask? How about the subtle moves, the ones that distinguish good from excellent, that snatch victory from loss? I tell you that John Havlicek had nothing on me. I pulled out all the stops.

Believe me when I say that my older daughter went to bed in her room and my younger daughter stayed in mine. That my wife remained out of my sight and, if possible, out of the apartment. That when the Celtics had the ball I watched the Knicks who guarded them, and that when they shot a foul I averted my eyes from the basket.

All this and more. If the Celtics were ahead by more than five points, I turned the volume down. When the score was tied in the fourth quarter, I moved quickly to a sitting position slightly to the right of the set. And yes, of course, I left the room to relieve myself only if the Knicks were up by at least three baskets. I had it all going.

But I blew it, and the reason I blew it is more humiliating than the fact itself. I am like the fighter who made headlines a few years ago. He jumped into the ring ready to show off the muscles he had built and the skills he had cultivated. And when he took off his robe, he discovered that he had forgotten to put on his trunks.

I stand before you naked. Ridicule me if you will. I walked into the room after the game and my wife looked up from her book. "Did you try something new this time?" she asked. "Excuse me?" I said. "Well, I noticed you're wearing your red pajama bottoms and if I remember right you wore the blue ones last year."

God help me. How could I have forgotten? I have gone through the entire Celtic series wearing the wrong pajamas.

I know I couldn't have picked a worse time to choke. DeBusschere and Lucas are retiring. Bradley's status is unclear. Someone's going to be lost in the expansion draft. And with Reed, you can never tell.

For them it's too late. But let me assure the rest of the team and the coaches and fans that I'll be back next year. All I ask is one more chance. I'm already working on some dazzling new moves. And I promise—next time I'll be wearing the right uniform.

By Philip Ross

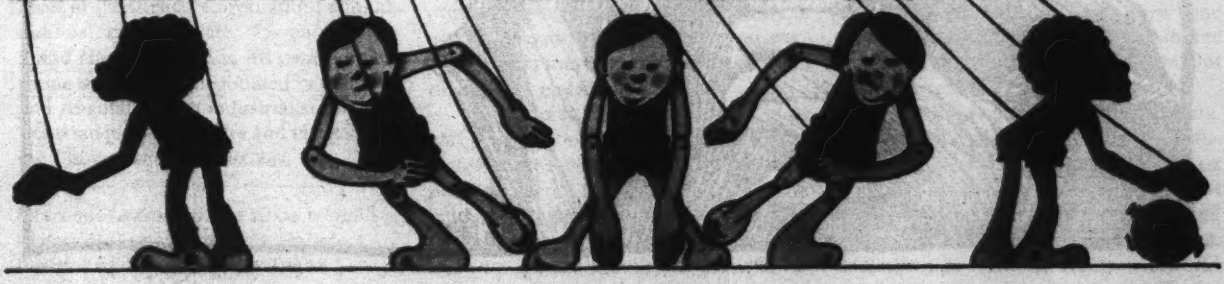
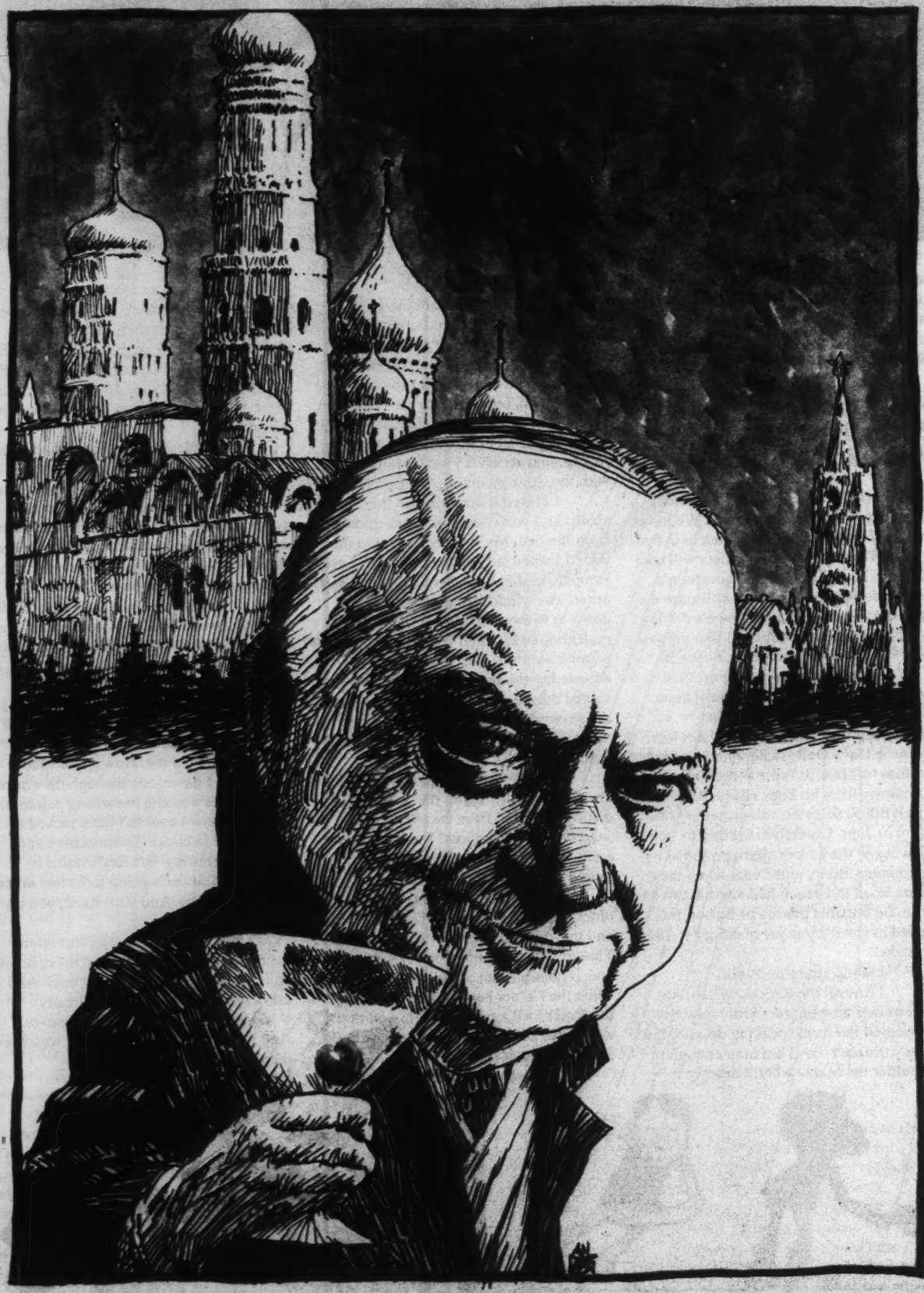


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DICK ANDERSON

Armand Hammer swung the first American-Soviet wheat deal in 1921. Now he commutes regularly to Moscow, talking detente—and swinging more deals

The Go-Between

By Laurence Leamer

If he is still in office, Richard Nixon will be flying once again to Moscow next month—Nixon, the internationalist, builder of bridges between East and West, architect of detente. So far, the most obvious beneficiaries of this detente have been American corporations, which see vast markets in Russia and China. And the one American businessman who probably has most benefited from the detente is Armand Hammer—Dr. Armand Hammer, the 75-year-old president of Occidental Petroleum Corporation. Hammer, who once did business with Lenin, was singled out by the Soviet government for its first big deal with a private American corporation—a multibillion-dollar transaction involving fertilizer, natural gas and the building of a Moscow trade center. Hammer now travels to Russia almost every month. On one of his trips this winter, he agreed to take along a film documentary crew from NBC and one writer, Laurence Leamer. This is Leamer's report.

The Gulfstream jet pulled up out of London's Heathrow Airport and headed east taking Armand Hammer to Moscow. Hammer lived in his own time frame. These past four years he had traveled over a million miles in his corporate plane, an average of nearly 700 miles a day, from Lagos to Tokyo, from Los Angeles to Paris, from Lima to Zurich, commuting the world in search of deals. As the head of Occidental Corporation, a multinational conglomerate, 75-year-old Armand Hammer lived in his own political frame as well. He negotiated with Libya and Angola; British industrialists and the Peruvian junta; the Poles and the Italians; the Chinese and the Russians.

Laurence Leamer, a free lance in Washington, D.C., has written for Harper's, Playboy *and the New York* Times.

For the tenth time in 11 months Hammer was traveling to the Soviet Union for a week's visit. This time he was bringing with him a five-person NBC crew filming an hour-long documentary and this writer as well. Armand Hammer was receiving a great amount of publicity primarily because he was a prime symbol of East-West trade and the Nixon-Brezhnev detente. In the early 1920s, a medical student fresh out of Columbia, Hammer had visited the Soviet Union. He had become the first foreign concessionaire doing business with the Bolsheviks. In 1972 Hammer returned to Russia to begin negotiating a series of spectacular deals, his life come full circle, fulfilled. To the Soviets, Hammer was the man who knew Lenin. To the American business community, or at least to part of it, he was an extraordinarily successful entrepreneur who was proving that the road to Moscow was paved more with profits than pain.

Hammer sat facing backwards at the front of the cabin in *his* seat, a seat that allowed him to see everyone in the plane. As usual, Frances, his third wife, was traveling with him. For a moment, looking at them there, I thought of Gatsby and Daisy. Gatsby and Daisy a half century later, when even dreams have yellowed. The Hammer family made its money as Gatsby made his, selling liquor for "medicinal purposes" to drugstores during Prohibition. In her youth Mrs. Hammer had been as lovely as any of Fitzgerald's heroines and Hammer had Gatsby's smile ("one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times") but there the analogy ended.

Hammer had a round, small body garbed in a wool suit and a face that had bedeviled the best efforts of those court photographers who can freeze knaves and villains into poses of pompousness and stature. They could disguise his large nose and tiny, pursed mouth but the eyes always remained: ironic, inquisitive, irreverent, a burlesque comic's eyes.

"Lucy, how about a shot of my opening the wine?" Hammer said to Lucy Jarvis, the 54-year-old NBC producer. The wine shot was inevitable, for Hammer had cultivated a reputation as a connoisseur of wine and food. Just a few months before, he had been flying over the Midwest when in the midst of dinner one of his guests commented, "Dr. Hammer, this is the best wine I have ever had." Hammer named the wine, impressing the company. Then after a suitable pause, he added, "That's $150 a bottle."

Today, while the steward poured Hammer a glass of wine, the cameraman photographed the bottle as if it were the elixir of youth. "Would you like to take the napkin off round the bottle, sir?" the cameraman asked. Hammer removed the cloth only after the camera had been put down, revealing Baron Philippe de Rothschild Mouton Rouge 1967, a mediocre vintage.

Hammer had veneered himself in all the accouterments of wealth but he was not completely made over. He might stay at Claridge's or the Ritz, he might traffic in Renoirs and Matisses, but his origins always managed to wear through, origins that were the source of his ability. He had "the extreme business energy and this almost maniacal appetite for wealth" that characterized Walt Whitman's *America*. That energy and appetite had been banked to fuel the corporate state and most of the other old barons were gone now or had swathed themselves in the patterned styles of the executive suite. But Hammer remained: a predator.

Hammer did not believe in history, in lives with pasts and presents and futures. Hammer believed that the past could be repeated again and again. Most of his life he had been a lone dealer. Barrel staves. Aberdeen Angus cattle. Bourbon. Mouthwash. Mutual Radio network.

Sheep intestines. Pigs. Oil-well machinery. Cotton. Promissory notes. Camphor ether. Crosses. Art work. He cared nothing for management, for the quotidian tedium of business life. He was a dealer. He lived loops. He had the Midas touch. He must be there and feel the deal. He built no empires. He would not head a public corporation. He must touch it, own it. He was a dealer.

In the mid-1950s, after Hammer had retired to his home in Westwood, Los Angeles, a friend suggested to him that he put some money in Occidental Petroleum, a tiny California-based company with assets of less than $60,000. Hammer invested in two wildcat wells. He struck oil; he could smell it in the air and in 1957, at the age of 58, he became Occidental's president. Hammer made Occidental in his own image, with stock options running deep down into the company, down to the drilling teams in the fields, infusing the employees with speculative lust.

In speech, conversation and press release, Hammer threw up his vision, his hyperbole, his half-truths, and then he proceeded to fill them with reality or to leave and go on to other visions. He borrowed and swapped and jerry-built the company—fertilizers, land, sulphur, coal, oil, year after year the company nearly doubling in size until by the early 1970s it stood 37th on the *Fortune* 500. For years Hammer worked out of the family art gallery in New York, and out of tiny offices in Los Angeles. The company was in his head, and no matter how big Occidental grew, he ran it by himself, as one deal after another.

The Russian pilot took the controls of the Occidental jet as the plane crossed into the Soviet Union. Hammer set his wine glass down and looked out for a moment on landscape curtained by billowing clouds. "Fifty years ago this trip between Riga and Moscow took three days," he said, speaking as if he were dictating an autobiography. "But now we're doing it in three hours." As the plane soared across Russia, Hammer listened to cassettes, the music running from Conniff to Crosby, from "Blue Hawaii" to "Home on the Range," leafed through business magazines and shuttled back and forth between the NBC people and this writer, apportioning out anecdotes as if they were life itself.

I asked Hammer about the manner in which Occidental obtained its original Libyan oil concessions in the mid-1960s. According to court depositions in a case involving Occidental and Allen and Co., the investment bankers, Hammer and the Allen brothers agreed in a meeting in 1964 to bribe Libyan officials. They had reportedly gone ahead, but Occidental withdrew from the arrangement just days before winning the concessions. Allen and Co. was suing Occidental, and while digging through court records, Stanley Penn of *The Wall Street Journal* had discovered the depositions and written the first story.

"The Allen people gave Penn that story," Hammer said. "They gave him the depositions. They used him." Hammer did not question the validity of the story, only the reporter's motives; he lived in a world like Gatsby's where there are only the "pursued, the pursuing, the busy and the tired," and he simply could not imagine that Penn had dug the story out himself. Hammer exuded such a charm, though, that he almost forced you to believe him. His charm was not based on wit or flattery; he exuded it like a radium glow, and I found myself believing Hammer, despite all that I knew about Penn and his story.

A legend is an amalgam of myth growing around a nub of truth, and Hammer was building himself into a legend.

As the plane soared across Russia, Hammer listened to cassettes of "Blue Hawaii" and "Home on the Range"

He said almost nothing about the details of his business dealings. He listened to questions that bordered on the challenging or probing and channeled them away to be lost in a haze of vagueness. Hammer had taken Sargent Shriver and John Connally and drawn them to him as his lawyers; he had taken Marvin Watson and Albert Gore and brought them into his company; he had taken President Nixon and Chairman Brezhnev and made them partisans of Occidental and its future, and now he was taking the NBC crew and this writer and ministering to our wants, drawing us into his nexus so we seemed at times merely his latest retainers.

Hammer needed all the engines of publicity for beneath his flourish and flare, Occidental and Dr. Hammer were deeply in trouble. It would take Lenin and Brezhnev and Nixon and all of Hammer's abilities to get him back out. During the go-go years, Occidental had been one of the miracle stocks, but in the '70s the company had become a nightmare for stock analyst and stockholder alike. With troubles in Libya, coal strikes, tanker losses, Occidental lost money in 1971 and 1972. From his earliest days, Hammer had depended in good part on accounting alchemy to fuel the corporation's growth. Curiously enough, as long as Occidental stock continued rising, no one appeared too anxious to learn if Hammer was building out of marble or sandstone, but with Occidental's decline all this changed. In 1971, in a consent agreement, the SEC enjoined Occidental from issuing false press releases, exaggerated profit statements and practicing other financial sleights of hand. By late 1973 the company debts reached a billion dollars, and many observers considered Hammer Occidental's greatest liability.

A month before this November trip to Moscow, Hammer appeared before the New York Security Analysts to try to convince them that he had turned Occidental around. Other Occidental executives tried to talk Hammer out of it for they knew that he would only do the corporation harm, but he would have none of it. He stood before the analysts less than five-and-a-half-feet tall, smiling as if he had swallowed an entire aviary. "We picked four basins to explore, namely Venezuela, Peru, Nigeria and the North Sea," Hammer said, his voice soon settling down into a nagging drone. "Well, I don't want to rub it in, but here's a quick box score. We did the impossible and we are batting a thousand and we've hit on all four."

Hammer was supposed to talk ten minutes, but time and time again he departed from the prepared text. When he finished after 38 minutes, executive after executive came forward to speak, and the meeting went on endlessly. Finally, Marvin Watson, the executive vice-president who had learned his sycophancy at the shoes of the master, as Lyndon Johnson's special assistant, announced that the evening would end with a film about Occidental. But those analysts who had not already sidled out of the room hurried away. Hammer sat alone in front of the screen. "Marvin, Marvin, start the movie," he said, and he sat transfixed while the last of the analysts left, their shadows passing through the oil derricks on the screen.

For over a decade Hammer had made his deals, from California to Libya, from gold to fertilizer, moving on, leaving stock offerings and later the bankers to finance Occidental. He did not convince the analysts that evening any more than he could convince the financial community. Wall Street no longer trusted Hammer. The bankers were reluctant and circumspect, no matter how extraordinary the Hammer deals might appear. The bankers were nibbling at Occidental, trying to put

fetters on Hammer, and just before this trip to Moscow, he named Joseph Baird, a 39-year-old London-based American banker, to be Occidental's new president.

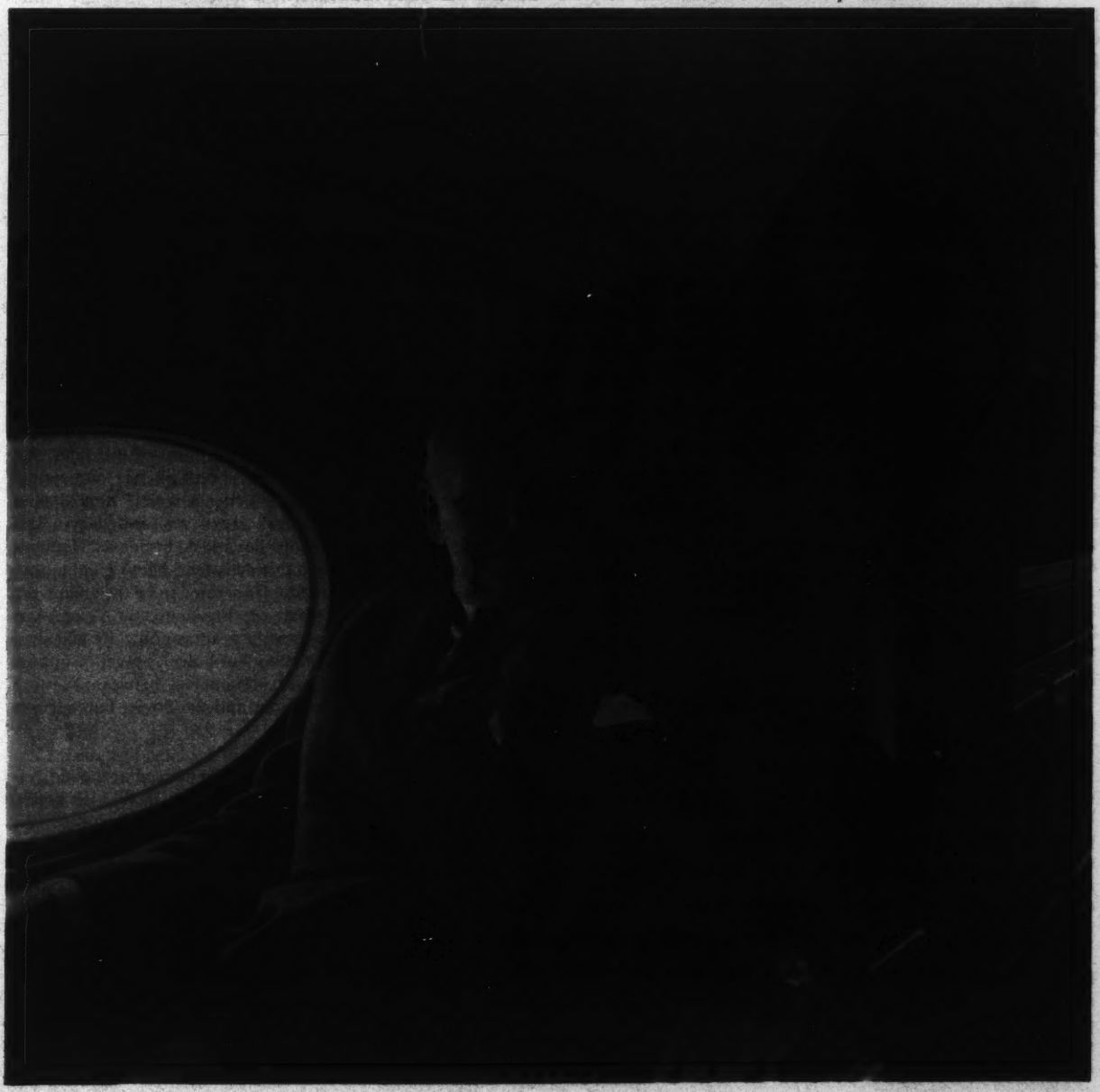
Hammer gave up neither the symbol nor the substance of his power, however, remaining as chairman and chief executive and flying on to Moscow. His empire appeared to be crumbling, the Russian deals mere foundations; his Libyan ventures hostages to Qaddafi; his very name synonymous no longer with miracles but pipe dreams. Several of those closest to Hammer considered him a tragic figure, a lone genius at business dealings, raging against the dying of an age. To others Hammer was a genius only at manipulation, a man who stood between East and West not as a bridge but as a toll gate.

When the plane landed in Moscow, Hammer put on his rumpled cashmere coat, walked down onto the tarmac and into the VIP lounge. He strode past posters extolling this year's anniversary of the November Revolution, and enveloped in his entourage he positioned himself finally in almost the exact center of the room. Hammer stood there while Russian trade officials and Occidental executives flowed around him, darting in for a moment's pleasantry, caressing him with their flattery, before moving back. Behind them the two NBC documentary crews, one American, one Russian, rotated around him in different trajectories, capturing the welcome.

At the fringes of the room a dozen or so Africans sat on couches or stood watching. One of them, a diplomat attuned to the nuances of protocol, was sure that that this man arriving here this afternoon must be the head of a Western European Communist party. He was amazed to learn that the dignitary receiving this welcome was not Berlinguer or Marchais but Armand Hammer, *Dr.* Armand Hammer, chairman of the board of Occidental Petroleum.

While Hammer and the others stood waiting for their passports to be

Hammer now flies back and forth between the U.S. and Moscow almost every month.



returned, Sargent Shriver, McGovern's running mate and now a Washington lawyer, came bouncing up the stairs with his teenaged daughter in tow. "You just arriving?" Hammer asked.

"No, I've been here a week," Shriver said. "I'm leaving." Shriver had frequently worked for Hammer; in fact, at the time of the 1972 Democratic Convention Shriver's name was dropped from consideration for the vice-presidential nomination because he happened to be in the Soviet Union on business for Occidental. Shriver was here this time for some of his other corporate clients, and he and Hammer improvised various greetings for the NBC cameras.

Hammer and Shriver were only two of hundreds of Western businessmen in Moscow each week. Every evening the dank basement bar of the Intourist Hotel filled with these international executives paying in half a dozen Western currencies, whispering about their deals. Hammer's flamboyance, his courting of the media, offended, even frightened, these businessmen. For a decade the European subsidiaries of certain American corporations had been doing business with the Soviets very quietly, and the last thing in the world they wanted was publicity. The other Western executives flew quietly into Moscow, negotiated their deals and flew quietly out, and they believed that Hammer was courting disaster.

Hammer was welcomed with ceremony, but he lived much as other foreigners lived in Moscow—on the fringe. He had no friends, only contacts. Once the Soviet bureaucrats made their greeting, they left him to be driven into Moscow in a black *Chaika*, Hammer's feet resting on an Oriental rug, to spend his evening alone.

I traveled through the labyrinth of Moscow streets with Hammer, listening to him conjure up those bits and pieces of his Russian past that suited his purpose. He loved to tell of his first visit to Russia in 1921. He traveled to the Urals, where he saw a refugee train, a death train, filled with the corpses of hundreds of peasants who had died of disease, as the train moved across the barren, parched steppes. He saw furs and emeralds and semiprecious stones, too, and he arranged the first shipment of what would become a million bushels of American grain delivered to the Soviet Union in exchange for Russian goods.

As Hammer tells the story, Lenin heard of this young doctor and called him to his office in the Kremlin. Lenin's expression grew infinitely sad when he talked of the famine and his eyes filled with tears. "Your sending us ships and grain means saving the lives of men, women and little children who would otherwise helplessly perish this winter," Lenin said. "What we really need is American capital and technical aid to get our wheels turning once again. Is it not so?"

There was another side to the story that Hammer only reluctantly talked about. His father, Julius Hammer, a Russian Jew, left the Soviet Union as a child. He ended up in New York City, a gynecologist and owner of a small chemical company. In later years there would be scores of business go-betweens, middlemen, dealers, traveling between East and West for reasons of commitment or acquisitiveness, but Dr. Julius Hammer was among the first. After the First World War, he bought up surplus chemicals and sold them to the Soviet Union. He also reportedly served as the financial backer and adviser to C.A. Martens, the head of the Soviet Information Bureau in New York City.

When Armand Hammer arrived in the Soviet Union, in the summer of 1921, he brought $60,000 worth of medical supplies for the Russian people. His father's friend, C.A. Martens, guided this 22-year-old medical student around the Soviet Union. Soon after Hammer's first meeting with Lenin, on October 12, 1921, Lenin wrote a letter to Martens concerning Hammer's proposed concession. "Let it be a *concession*, even a fictitious one, but what we want to show and have in print is that the Americans have gone in for *concessions*." Hammer's concession led the way for hundreds of other Western businessmen. When he left at the end of the 1920s he had made a fortune, and in the 1970s he was hoping to repeat that history, to repeat it tenfold.

Every evening the bar of the Intourist Hotel filled with international executives whispering about their deals

Hammer had none of his father's ideological commitments, not in the '20s and certainly not half a century later. He was willing to do business with anyone, anyone at all. "My father was a left-wing Socialist. At first he was a factory worker in the United States. He became a member of a union and later one of the leaders of the left wing." Hammer's father had been convicted of manslaughter after a patient died during an abortion. "He was convicted for his political views," Hammer said. "It was a setup."

Hammer had seen his father suffer. He had seen him remain true to his beliefs until his death. He had been both awed and frightened, and he had not made his father's mistake. All his life Armand Hammer had kept moving, his only commitment to himself, and all those years his father's life had stood there, an object lesson and a challenge.

"I don't know whether he was a card-carrying Communist or not. My brothers and I, we liked the American system. We made our own way. I don't see why I should be blamed for my father."

Listening to Hammer and reading his autobiography published in 1931, it is obvious that if Hammer had any sentimentality and nostalgia it was for Lenin and for Lenin's spirit as Hammer saw it reincarnated in Brezhnev and Nixon. Hammer appreciated Lenin and Leninism not as an economic system but as a philosophy of power. As a young man he had admired the way the Bolsheviks summarily punished the corrupt and the slack, executing malefactors. He once compared Lenin to Christ ("like one before him he forbade not little children to come to him and rejoiced that they should be happy"). Another time he compared Henry Ford to Lenin ("he was human and friendly and shrewd . . . he had the prestige of success and his wealth gave him power as Lenin had power").

Lenin had brought a different kind of realism to world politics, and Hammer appreciated the realism of Brezhnev and Nixon. "They won't change our system and we won't change theirs," he said, "but that doesn't mean we can't live in this world together and do business." Hammer wanted this detente to be *his* great monument, too. He wanted to be the grease, the lever between Brezhnev and Nixon. And this was perhaps appropriate, for what was it ultimately but a deal, an act of mutual economic self-interest between Western corporations and the Soviet bureaucratic state.

The *Chaika* arrived at the old National, that most ornate of Russian hotels, across from the Kremlin. It was so like Hammer to make reservations here, not because the ancient hotel might be a trove of memories for him but because Frances, his wife, was afraid of the elevators at the modern Intourist Hotel next door. The Hammers stayed in the famous Lenin suite, two splendidly cluttered rooms that Lenin used as an office in 1918. The suite was bugged, or so Hammer believed, but he was a man of such reticence and self-control that it hardly mattered. Always

one to turn his disadvantages inside out, Hammer staged meetings in the suite where Occidental executives conversed about matters that they wanted the Soviets to overhear.

On the top floor of the National, reached by a grand staircase or the slowest of elevators, Occidental had a suite of offices for which the Russians charged the company over $100,000 a year. Chase Manhattan and Pan American had their offices in the Metropole a few blocks away, and other corporations had offices in various buildings around Moscow, but as with most other aspects of Occidental, there was something unique about the corporation's Moscow operations.

The two top Moscow executives, Ben Lissim and Michael Bruk, were like no other businessmen in the city. This was for the most part a new generation of international executives doing business in Moscow. Americans, Germans, French, Britishers, it hardly mattered, for they were men whose greatest loyalty lay to their multinational corporations, to their corporate fiefdoms. Ben Lissim, however, was an elderly White Russian who often spoke in finely-wrought classical Russian. He had hands that had a tendency to tremble. He was a man an age and a civilization away from those he dealt with now, be they Westerner or Soviet. Bruk, for his part, had that surfeit of charm and garrulousness among foreigners that signalled he had entree into the darker areas of the Soviet state. He was the one Russian working in an executive capacity for a Western firm, and he was considered, by American officials and journalists and by other businessmen, to be a KGB agent.

Hammer used Bruk. He used Brezhnev. He used Nixon. And they used him. The Russians featured Hammer in the press. They drank toasts to his name. They flattered him. And then they left him with the *apparatchiks* of the trade ministry to work out the various Occidental deals.

From early morning to late afternoon Hammer moved from building to building, and meeting to meeting, in his *Chaika*. These *apparatchiks* of the trade ministry spent their days negotiating contracts, and they were of surpassing toughness. They would agree to the broad outlines of the agreements and then try to beat the Westerners over the details, working their way, through the minutiae, point by point, hour by hour, day after day.

In a year and a half of negotiating, Occidental and the Russians had signed agreements for two of the five areas covered in the original 1972 protocol. They had formalized the exchange of $40 million of metal-finishing equipment for a similar amount of Soviet nickel. They had also signed a 20-year contract for Occidental to ship $150 to $200 million worth of phosphates annually to the Soviet Union in exchange for Russian urea and ammonia. There were other deals, enormous consortium agreements with complexities more akin to open-heart surgery than to most business deals. A deal for Siberian natural gas, for instance, depended first of all on whether the Soviets even had sufficient reserves. Then the Federal Power Commission would have to agree to far higher gas prices, with the United States putting up unprecedented amounts of hard currency credits.

The negotiations were endlessly frustrating, enough even to make a Quaker swear. Time and again either the Soviet or the Occidental teams had walked out in calculated displays of temper, but they would always come back. Through it all Hammer remained perpetually optimistic, soothing the Russians or growling at them, pushing the meetings forward.

I went with Hammer to some of these meetings, but I could get no sense of how the sessions were going. I would have to leave before the real dealing began. "Everything's fine, everything's fine," Hammer would say but that is all he would say. Here, though, for the first time in Hammer's life, he could not pull success toward him and tie it down. With half of

Inside the Kremlin, Hammer talks business—through a translator—with Brezhnev.

Occidental's capitalization in long-term debts, Hammer simply had to find financing for his deals or forget them. Joseph Baird, the new Occidental president, was out fishing for loans to allow Hammer to continue dealing but he could do only so much. For Hammer's Soviet deals to succeed, Congress would have to pass a liberalized trade bill without restrictions on the Soviets so that Hammer could obtain vast amounts of Export-Import credits. And the Soviets would have to continue to believe that it was worthwhile for them to give Hammer a special place in their plans.

One of the more intriguing aspects of Hammer's whole relationship with the Soviets had to do with his dramatic visit to the Soviet Union in the spring of 1972, when he led the parade of Western businessmen back to the Soviet Union. Dr. Gvishiani, the deputy chairman of the Committee for Science and Technology, and Premier Kosygin's son-in-law, presented Hammer with the rough draft of a five-year protocol for scientific and technical cooperation. In a dramatic gesture Hammer signed the document without showing it to anyone else, and flew to London.

Just before Hammer left, one American journalist received a mysterious phone call informing him that Occidental had just signed a "trade agreement." What Hammer had signed, in fact, was only an agreement to agree. If they had had a chance to interview him, the Moscow press corps would have been very skeptical. But Hammer announced the protocol at a London press conference before journalists generally uninformed about East-West trade. Occidental stock shot upwards and Hammer left immediately for Morocco to brief Secretary of Commerce Peter Peterson before *his* trip to Moscow.

Peterson was a mere cub, a *naif,* compared to Brezhnev, Nixon or Hammer, and Hammer sketched out the details of the protocol without once mentioning that he had just held a press conference in London. By the time Peterson arrived in Moscow, Hammer was reportedly sitting with President Nixon in the oval office telling him about the agreement. The President was very excited. After Hammer left, H.R. Haldeman entered, carrying a news service story just off the wires. Upon his arrival in Moscow, Peterson had downgraded the Occidental protocol. Nixon was infuriated. He lambasted his Secretary of Commerce, and Peterson's stock at the White House began a descent from which it never recovered. Within hours Occidental's stock had begun a similar tumble.

The 26 Americans and Russians sitting side by side at the luncheon looked much the same—New World burghers all

During this week in Moscow, Hammer attended some functions that were not media events but ceremonial occasions, in particular a banquet at the Soviet Chamber of Commerce and Industry. Hammer asked me to come along with him. Throughout the world there are memorials symbolizing the friendship between various peoples—the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, a gift of the French people; the *Kongresshalle* in West Berlin, a gift of the United States. This luncheon was to commemorate the symbol of this detente, a $110 million international trade center, conceived as a profit-making venture, hopefully to be built by Occidental and Bechtel and financed by Chase Manhattan and by the United States.

The 26 Americans and Russians sitting side by side at the luncheon looked much the same, New World burghers all. As the waiters passed behind the table setting down plate after plate and refilling the vodka glasses for the endless toasts, the Americans and the Russians flattered each other as if by rote.

In the middle of the luncheon, Evgeni P. Pitovranov, senior vice-president of the USSR Chamber of Commerce and Industry, a man who looked as if he might own a Buick dealership in Dayton, said: "We have an American journalist here today. Before lunch he asked me why in negotiations Russian businessmen are so often better than American businessmen. I said it was probably due to following Lenin's advice, to try to achieve the best combination of the Russian revolutionary scheme and the American business approach."

"You have a real eye-opener here," Michael Bruk said. "If you are not objective. . . ," and he shook his fist in a gesture that as easily could have been benign as malevolent.

Like all revisionists, these *apparatchiks* were clutching the sacred works to their bosoms as they went forward chewing like termites at the body of the texts. The Russian bureaucrats were not unlike their American counterparts, from Kendall to Rockefeller, who in their public relations postures called themselves the torchbearers of Western liberalism but who sought profits and control. John Connally and Sargent Shriver symbolized what was happening even better than those at the luncheon. They were political figures of the right and the left, yet they were interchangeable, as Occidental lawyers and in the manner in which they function. They were both business lawyers using their political connections to advance them in East-West trade. Shriver, in fact, claimed credit for much of Occidental's success in the Soviet Union. In the spring of 1972, he said that he had conceived the idea of a trade center in a conversation with Dr. Djermen Gvishiani, Kosygin's son-in-law. "American businessmen will expect their rooms to be bugged and their telexes read," he told Gvishiani, "but what they really need is a sauna and a health club."

Shriver was accurately reflecting the values of the contemporary generation of business leaders in America. Hammer was not the only one who saw immense

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profits in Russia. Some businessmen saw in Eastern Europe the last refuge of the open shop; here they would find low wages, well-disciplined employees and no strikes. To the Soviet bureaucrats, detente meant technology and capital, a firm foundation for the new technocratic elite. The Soviet Union and the United States did, in fact, seem to be coming together, but not quite as American liberals had imagined, with the United States developing a more socialistic economy and the Soviets opening up their society. Under the Nixon administration the United States had created the machinery of totalitarianism. And Russian officials, in daily contact with the West, dined and wined and feted in Westport and the Hamptons, were slowly developing an avarice that was truly American in its proportions.

There was a natural rapport between Russians and Americans, and at the end of the banquet Hammer rose to speak. The room grew quiet. Even the waiters stood silent. "Not long ago, I was in Leningrad for a banquet in the Astoria Hotel in the very room where Hitler had planned to celebrate his victory over Russia. I raised my glass and I said I wanted to drink a toast to the heroes of the 900-day siege of Leningrad. Hundreds of thousands died, the suffering was terrible, but they held and made it possible for American forces to invade Europe and bring a second front and bring victory over Hitler. As I raised my glass every man in the room rushed up to me, to the head table.

"To this spirit, to the great friendship of our two peoples," Hammer said, gesturing with his hand, the vodka spilling over the glass. Everyone in the room stood up, applauded and drank the toast.

Later in the week, on the afternoon that Hammer was to leave Moscow, Chairman Brezhnev, although suffering from a sore throat, called Hammer to the Kremlin for a meeting. They talked privately, and at the end of their discussion Brezhnev permitted a Russian camera crew to film a short discussion between them and NBC's Edwin Newman to interview him. "Dr. Hammer has problems," Brezhnev said, "but I help him and he helps me," as succinct a definition of their relationship as could be imagined. Brezhnev mentioned President Nixon several times, and later at the airport when Hammer talked to two wire service reporters, he repeatedly played up that relationship, in words laced with optimism. He told the reporters that Brezhnev looked forward to seeing Nixon in 1974. He said that the Jewish immigration problem had been "laid to rest," and he went on lyrically about the future of East-West trade.

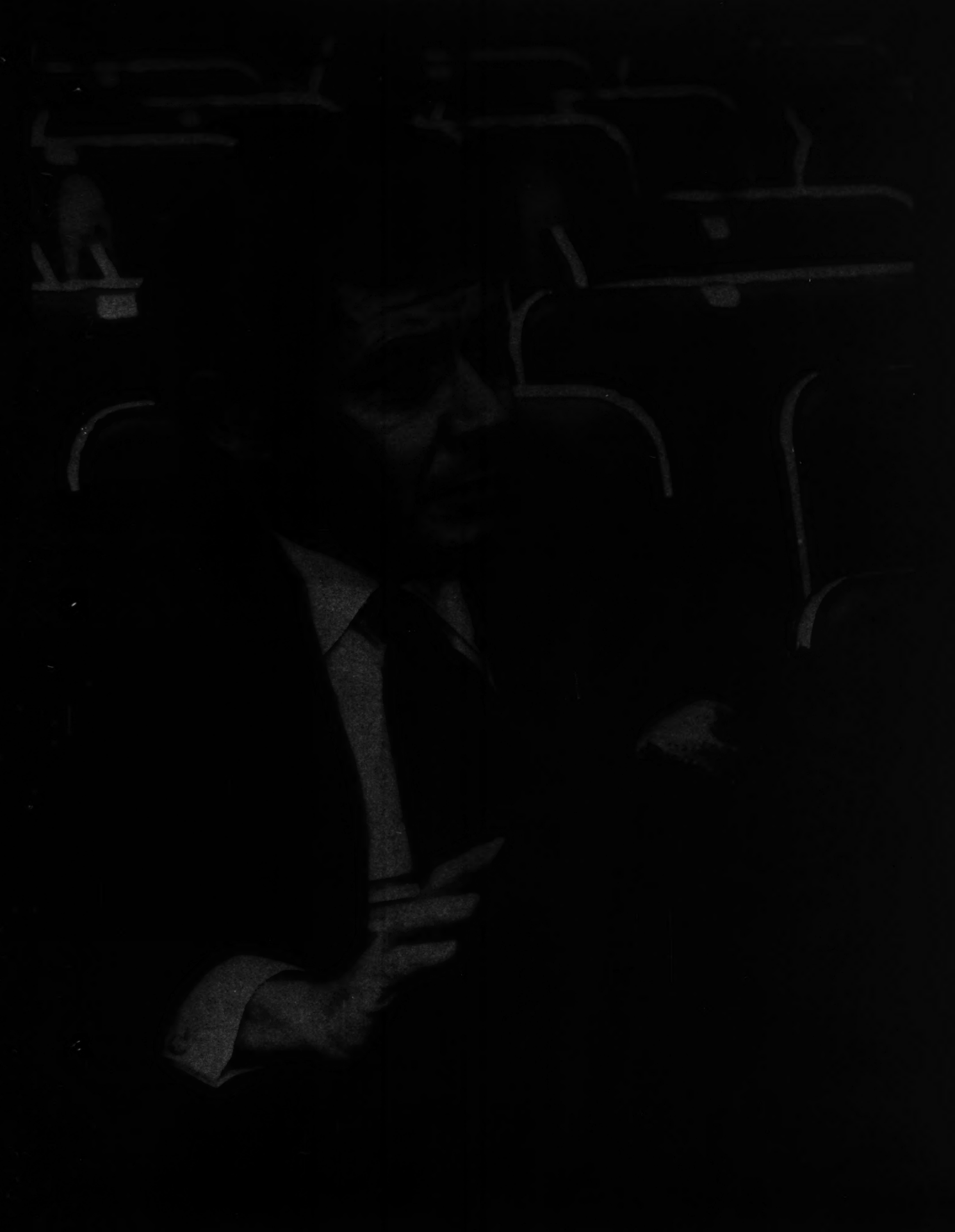
"Dr. Hammer has problems," Brezhnev said, "but I help him and he helps me"

On the plane from Moscow to Warsaw, no one was filming Hammer or questioning him. He put on a blue sweater and sat eating caviar and dark bread. He ate the food as old men eat food, when food is the last certain pleasure, and finally he dozed off. He was an old man now, and one realized that if he had the luck he had always had he would die like this, on his plane over Poland or Nigeria, in a bed in London or Tokyo, working till the end. Looking at him there it appeared that it might well be soon, that he could not go on much longer. Then as the plane landed in Warsaw, Hammer woke up.

"We're so late we've missed the American ambassador's party in your honor, Dr. Hammer," an aide said.

"The American ambassador," Hammer said. "We don't do business with the American ambassador." He had come back again, charged with energy. Once again he was in control, in control of those with him, in charge of his life. ●

Soviet Minister of Culture Madame Ekaterina Furtseva, Hammer and Russian-born Marc Chagall at the opening of Chagall's retrospective show in Moscow last summer. Hammer, a celebrated art collector, owns Chagall's *Blue Angel*.



The Eddie Fisher show goes on...

A night for hookers and has-beens

By John Brady

My first encounter with Eddie Fisher was about ten years ago at Grossinger's, where he almost cost me my job. I was a bellhop. Fisher came to the hotel to do a show one Saturday afternoon, and I checked him in. Instead of giving me a tip, though, he handed me a cheap tin plaque and a couple of nuts and bolts. "Could you put this on my car?" he asked, pointing to a beautiful blue Bentley convertible. "A friend gave it to me." I said I'd try a garage and be back in a few minutes.

At the garage I gave the bolts and the plaque, which was shaped like a waving American flag with "United States" scrawled beneath it, to a mechanic who said you could not put such a bicycle ornament on the grill of a Bentley. I pointed to a spot near the parking light on the driver's side and said, "Put it there." He drilled a couple of holes and bolted the flag in place. I tipped him a dollar.

John Brady, who teaches journalism at Indiana State University, is NEW TIMES' *Terre Haute correspondent.*

Back at the hotel I got Fisher to come out of his room, where a crowd was gathering. He had just split with Elizabeth and had come up from New York with some people: some sidemen, a few girls and his brother Al "Bunny" Fisher, whom I knew from an earlier summer when he sang with the hotel orchestra. Some hangers-on from the hotel also followed Eddie and me out to look at the car. He saw the plaque. "Ah, they glued it on," he said.

"No, I don't think they did," I replied.

"Well, they couldn't very well bolt it right there," he said. I was about to say I thought they did when he looked under the fender where two nuts were staring back at him. "Jesus Christ!" he screamed. "Twenty-six thousand dollars' worth of machinery, and you let them drill holes in it!" He carried on pretty badly for awhile, and the hotel owner, Paul Grossinger, gave me the fisheye. I looked for Bunny and explained the misunderstanding, adding that I hadn't been tipped yet. He tried to calm Eddie down, but this was Fisher's first Bentley, with less than 3,000 miles on it, and it was another ten minutes before I got $5 and a pretty dirty look from the guy.

At that time Fisher was putting together a new act that would soon open in New York at the Winter Garden. He was at a point where things could go either way. His marriage had put a stall in his career, and in most ways, I suppose, this was a comeback.

Because of some screw-up, the brass arrangements for the orchestra ended up in Chicago. When this was realized at a late-afternoon rehearsal, phone calls were made, a plane was chartered, and all that. As the show got underway and stalls were installed, Fisher sat in his dressing room drinking a bottle of Chivas Regal. When it became apparent to him that the arrangements would never arrive, he went out there before a tough crowd of 1,500. He was drunk.

He sang his heart out. Really good stuff. Oddly enough, the brass section—sitting onstage with mute instruments in their hands—wasn't missed. Everyone else just pushed a little harder to fill in the corners, and Fisher worked hardest of all. The voice was strong, the vibrato full, the songs carefully chosen. An upbeat version

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BORSARI

of "This Nearly Was Mine" brought the house down.

Afterwards he went down to the bar lounge, had a few drinks and sang for another hour with the small jazz combo there. At four o'clock in the morning guests were still leaving the lounge, wandering back to their rooms arm in arm, humming the evening's music. A good night. When I came to work in the morning, the Bentley was gone.

The next time I saw Eddie Fisher was recently in Evansville, Indiana, where he was closing a week's engagement with a midnight show in a downtown motel. I asked a friend who teaches high school in Evansville what the place was like. "It's for hookers and has-beens," he said. Hookers, wearing high-rise skirts and expressions, were sprinkled lightly through the lobby. The has-beens were onstage. Yesterday it was Fats Domino and Al Martino. Tomorrow it would be Frankie Avalon and Abbe Lane. Tonight it was Eddie Fisher's last show.

Down front, checking out the mikes, was Bunny Fisher. I mentioned Grossinger's, ten years, a few drinks a few nights, and he shook his head, smiling. "Sure," he said. I told him I was the guy who drilled the holes in Eddie's car. "The plaque," he laughed. "I remember you now."

"How's his voice?" I asked.

"Still strong. This is a tough room, though. Terrible acoustics."

At Grossinger's Fisher was drunk. But he sang his heart out. The voice was strong, the vibrato full

"How's the drinking?"

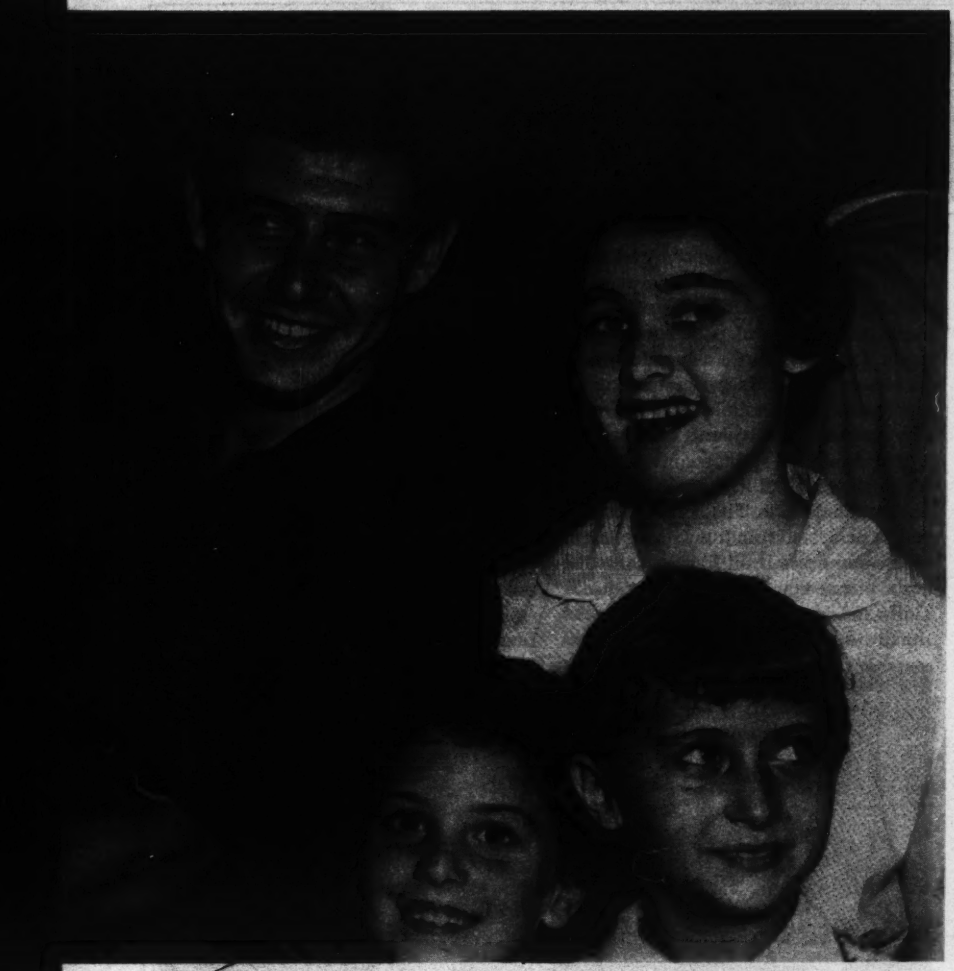
"He's OK. He fools around a lot in the second show—I wish you'd been here earlier—and it runs a little short. Maybe 45 minutes. But he's OK."

"Any chance of seeing Eddie after the show?"

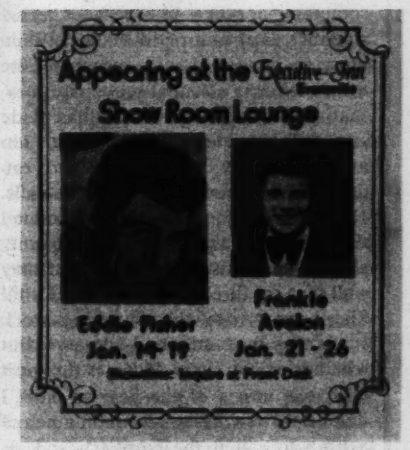
"I don't think so. He's with some people, and we're closing tonight, and we've got to catch a seven o'clock plane in the morning. I don't think it'll work out. I wish you'd been here earlier." He told me that from Evansville, Eddie would go to South America, then to Vegas. I said I'd try to catch Eddie later, anyway. "Sure," he said. Then I asked what happened to that beautiful blue Bentley. "Oh, he sold that," said Bunny. "He drives a smaller car now."

The couple at the table next to me had seen the first show. "Pretty good," said the guy, who wore cowboy boots. "He was on about 45 minutes—half soaked, I think."

The last show was bad. Fisher didn't look good. His face was still pretty true, but everything else puts you in mind of an aging jockey: narrow of hip, slim of leg, but with no neckline, a paunch and old eyes. He was drunk. Which was all right by me: I'd seen him do it before. But tonight the notes were flat, the vibrato ragged, the lyrics fumbled. The voice, while not ruined altogether, had lost its singular charm. Actually, he wasn't even singing. When he went into his mid-'50s



Far left—Fisher in the fall of 1973, following an engagement at a Sparks, Nevada, nightclub. Opposite—the early Fisher, clowning in 1954 with his fan club. Below—promotion for Fisher's show at the Executive Inn in Evansville, Indiana.



standards—"Anytime," "You've Got to Have Heart," "Wish You Were Here," etc.—he sounded like one of those tough old show-biz birds putting a song over through sheer force of presence and personality. Meanwhile, the orchestra—brass arrangements and all—sounded like Early Minsky in a room nine-feet tall. At one point the lead trumpet blew his nose into a handkerchief between songs. Fisher turned: "Got a cold, Harry?"

When Eddie announced, "I need a drink," a glazed blond came out of the audience with a drink held aloft between her hands like a chalice. "She's from Kentucky," Fisher told the crowd. Applause. "Sherry Hamilton, from Owensboro!" They kissed. More applause. Then the mike went out. Fisher drank, "Here's to Kentucky!" but only a few heard him. He was still talking into the dead mike. On the sidelines his brother Bunny scrambled along cable wires, checking plugs. "Here's to Owensboro . . . and to Evansville!" drank Eddie into the mike, still dead.

Finally, the sound was OK and the show proceeded, but along an unsettling theme: Eddie cashing in on himself. He sang "My Way," savoring lines like:

"I've laughed,
I've cried,
I've had my share of losing. . . ."

Between numbers he reflected, "I've had more fun losing than most people have had winning." And: "I'd like you to meet my pianist, Eddie Samuels. He's been with me almost 18 years—longer than anybody!"

In Evansville Fisher was drunk. Which was all right by me. But tonight the notes were flat, the vibrato ragged

As Eddie began "The Impossible Dream," Bunny left the stage area and slipped out a side door. Then Eddie was finished. He took his bows, kissed a thin, semi-pretty blond at the table in front of me, went back for another bow, returned to the blond, took her by the hand, and they were gone through the side door. No encores. No late show down in the bar with the small jazz combo.

As soon as I realized he wasn't coming back, I headed for the side door. It led me down a hallway to an elevator with the light on the top floor, penthouse. I waited, then took the elevator to the penthouse and walked through the halls listening for a room with some noise. "Hello, Eddie," I was going to say. "I'm the guy who drilled holes in your car." I really was. But no noise. Nothing.

I went down to the lobby reception desk where a heavyset woman was sitting at the switchboard. "What room is Eddie Fisher in?" I asked. "I'm a friend, and I've just lost him in the Show Room."

"We can't give you that information," she said. "His phone is plugged, and we aren't supposed to give room numbers. But he's on the fifth floor."

"Really?" I said. "I thought he'd be in the penthouse."

"Oh no," she said, pulling some plugs out of the board. "Mr. Fisher's not in the penthouse." ●

MOVIES

A deflowered Daisy

By Frank Rich

Peter Bogdanovich is nothing if not clever. He's an unbeatable master at papering over disaster with pretention, and, thanks to this highly developed instinct for self-preservation and his anal technical prowess, his new film, **Daisy Miller**, does at least *look* like a cultural something or other—like, perhaps, an art student's copy of an Old Master. While most audiences should recognize the movie as being essentially, even quintessentially, dreck, Bogdanovich has made sure that his enterprise is too dour, too aristocratically high-boned and too downright tedious to induce catcalls. *Daisy Miller* is so perfectly miscalculated that it takes on a perverse aesthetic unity all its own—a numbing torpor that may well save the director and his star, Cybill Shepherd, from the laughing-stock status they most eminently deserve. But whether or not *Daisy Miller* is the most ludicrous movie of the year to date, I don't think one has to go out on much of a limb to call it the emptiest—and, as such, it may well be the best expression yet of a filmmaker whose career is among the most overrated of recent times.

As everyone in the free world must know by now, Bogdanovich is Hollywood's most preeminent film buff. Even before he started to make movies of his own (the legend goes), young Peter spent hour upon hour watching and rewatching the works of the great American directors, then writing monographs and books about what he had seen. Indeed there may be few people in this country who know more about our film heritage than Bogdanovich does— but there are also few people who have missed so many proverbial forests for trees. Bogdanovich understands everything except the most important point of all: that what makes the directors he idolizes such giants of their art is the central vision that informs their work and makes it mean something.

Bogdanovich often attempts to ally himself with his heroes (and them with him) by claiming that he, like Ford or Hawks or Walsh, makes movies solely to entertain a wide audience by telling a story rather than for the purpose of propagating some kind of artsy-fartsy intellectual statement. Yet those movies he cherishes *do* express a broader world view—not necessarily an overbearing social "message" or political creed or revolutionary aesthetic scheme, but always a true and original spirit, a consistent and identifiable way of looking at the world and its inhabitants. The combination of such a perspective on life with the talent to communicate it on film explains the extra pizazz that illuminates the thrills, chills and laughs of the best American movies—and explains why these pictures have such durable popularity as entertainment.

Barry Brown (as Winterbourne) looks upon Cybill Shepherd's Daisy in Bogdanovich's *Daisy Miller*.

While Bogdanovich's own critical essays suggest an often keen awareness of this central aspect of his art, his movies themselves do not. On the screen, where it counts most, he comes across as the Vaughn Meader of his craft: a mimic with no personality of his own to bridge together the flashes of showmanship. Most of the time he is either saying what others have already said—as when he slavishly reassembles bits and pieces from the classics in his own pictures—or saying nothing at all. (And sometimes he is speaking out of both sides of his mouth as well—as in *Paper Moon*, where the O'Neals' Capraesque hi-jinks coexist for no apparent purpose with shots of down-and-out Oakies à la John Ford's *The Grapes of Wrath*.) When Bogdanovich has a good screenplay—such as Larry McMurtry's *The Last Picture Show*—and picks the appropriately plain storytelling techniques to go with it—as he did in that case—these factors can mesh to produce a dramatically satisfying picture, if one that reflects the personalities of his collaborators as much as that of the director himself. But when Bogdanovich mismatches style and substance—as is the case with *Daisy Miller*—one discovers the true scope of his creative vision.

I have no idea what attracted Bogdanovich to this Henry James novella in the first place; its story is no more than an anecdote and its grace derives from the sometimes ambiguous and constantly shifting standards by which the author examines his central character—two attributes that hardly lend the property to film adaptation. In any case, by suffusing the material with a brooding stateliness, Bogdanovich knocks the sense and guts out of James and ends up with a pallid, so-what costume drama. When the film isn't taking time to dawdle over every comma in the original story, its portentous tone and, more importantly, its dramatic and pictorial perspective on the American *nouveau riche* evoke nothing so much as Booth Tarkington's *Magnificent Ambersons*, as

brilliantly rendered by Orson Welles in 1942—even though *Daisy* stops short of specifically quoting the earlier film. But Tarkington is not James (to say the least)—and the effusive theatricality that deepened and often devulgarized the cardboard morality of the former mangles the intricate emotional fabric of the latter.

James' story, written early in his career (1879), is a remarkably important work, both in the context of his own development as a novelist and that of the literary history of post-Civil War America. In a more industrialized era than James' own, his beautiful, rich and all-American girl would appear and reappear—even by name in such books as *The Great Gatsby* (1925) and Edmund Wilson's lone novel, *I Thought of Daisy* (1929)—only to outlive, like the society that spawned her, her original breathless innocence. While by 1935 Scott Fitzgerald (writing in *Tender Is the Night*) would describe the newly grown-up American woman-bitch as having "a clean-sweeping irrational temper that had broken the moral back of a race and made a nursery out of a continent," James' heroine is the victim rather than vanquisher of the Old World. She dies, emblematically enough, of malaria in Rome.

The book's central thrust comes from Daisy's relationship with Winterbourne, a stiff 27-year-old American expatriate who falls half in love with her. As Daisy travels the high-class European tourist circuit, she does everything that is "not done"—from strolling in public gardens without a chaperon to developing a steady friendship with an Italian man of dubious social background—and Winterbourne "can't decide if she's reckless or really innocent." Torn between his attraction to Daisy's instinctual independence on the one hand and his well-bred sense of propriety on the other, he is unable to act and therefore unable either to protect her from the abuse of his compatriots or win her heart. Like his creator, Winterbourne is an American who, for better and for worse, remains stranded in an emotional no man's land as a result of having "lived too long in foreign parts."

The subtlety of James' theme cannot survive Bogdanovich's stodgy treatment. The director gives us a variety of points of view on the characters, all right, but it all comes out like 1890's melodrama, with characters peering at each other from dark hiding places while other characters spy on them. The whole effect is so creepy that I kept expecting a mustachioed villain to appear and commit an axe murder. For some reason that I'll never understand (until Bogdanovich writes his memoirs), the 91-minute movie has also been padded out with an uncommon number of shots which feature servants (bellboys, opera house ushers, castle groundskeepers) either snickering or snapping to attention or gesturing in some hearty, servantile, Italian way as the wealthy characters periodically leave them behind. Maybe this activity is meant to suggest class conflict—in which case Bogdanovich either has a terribly superficial understanding of what was important to James or a latent desire to embroider his work with political comment.

As ill-wrought as *Daisy Miller* is, I wonder if any directorial approach could redeem the central performances. Barry Brown, an actor I liked very much in the Newman-Benton *Bad Company*, turns Winterbourne into a snotty suitor with a fake smile that turns off and on like a

Cloris Leachman.

spigot—a flattened-out caricature of the sensitive, remote and not unsympathetic young man of the book. Long-time Bogdanovich hand Eileen Brennan plays Mrs. Walker, a catty American grande dame of Rome society, as a sexless vampire—the old Agnes Moorehead bit—which may explain why James' implication of a past intimacy between her and Winterbourne vanishes almost entirely in the film. Those few bright moments that *Daisy Miller* has belong exclusively to James McMurtry as Daisy's wise-ass, young Babbitt of a brother; Mildred Natwick as Winterbourne's reclusive and haughty aunt; and the genuinely miraculous Cloris Leachman, who fills in and even enriches James' vaguely drawn portrait of Daisy's abstracted parvenu mom.

This leaves, of course, the aforementioned Cybill Shepherd—the actress who plays the heroine James meant to set down (as he wrote in an essay) "quite inordinately and extravagantly, in poetical terms." If Shepherd is Bogdanovich's idea of poetry, I'd hate to see what he comes up with for prose. She reads her lines at breakneck pace with a slightly Southern singsong lilt (Daisy is from Schenectady, New York), playing up all the flirtatious aspects of the character at the expense of that inner radiance which drew James to her in the first place and which is supposed to make her suffocation at the hands of a dusty society so sorrowing. Like all of this actress' performances, it's a cold and heartless job—more a Philip Roth shiksa or Fitzgerald bitch than James' Daisy—and a characterization that can only be useful to those movies which deliberately exploit its callow plasticity (as was the case when Bogdanovich first used her, in *The Last Picture Show*, and when Elaine May did, for even crueller effect, in *The Heartbreak Kid*). Most of the time Shepherd's performance reminds me of child actress Virginia Weidler's send-up of a Main Line brat in an early scene of Cukor's 1940 *Philadelphia Story*—except that Weidler wasn't being serious and Shepherd is.

Bogdanovich's star's particular brand of blond-and-blue-eyed narcissism(also the stock in trade of the director's favorite leading man, Ryan O'Neal) is—along with this filmmaker's necrophilia and his passion for period detail—about the only constant in his work. Not what you'd call an attractive aesthetic, but one that I expect to see reappear as Bogdanovich goes on to his next project, a Cole Porter musical—which presumably will be followed by a Ford western, a Lubitsch romance and so forth. Why anyone prefers these paste gems to the real jewels is beyond me—Howard Hawks' screwball comedy *Bringing Up Baby* has a spontaneity that seems so fresh when compared to the strident mugging of *What's Up, Doc?*—and what all these movies have to do with pure entertainment is far from clear.

Looking back, I would say that this director's finest hour came with his first movie, *Targets*, an action quickie about a sniper that he made under parsimonious, no-nonsense circumstances for B-movie czar Roger Corman; he had a clear-cut, commercially motivated job to do then and he did it well. Yet even in

that picture, Bogdanovich felt compelled to leaven the fun by appearing on screen and regaling us with fawning movie talk—an ominous prelude to the shameless ass-kissing of the great and near great, the dead and the dying, that was to come (in his magazine columns and personal appearances as well as in his films). His obsession with the achievements of his unpretentious betters—and his out-of-context aping of their personal voices—has become the biggest pretention of all, a cloud that obscures what story values and humor his projects do have. While Bogdanovich knows that imitation is the highest form of flattery, he fails to understand that it is also the last refuge of the truly second-rate.

It's true that we have been here before, in this place and among these people: in this ghostly grey French town with its near-lobotomized populace, this claustrophobic province where the picturesque is banal and the banal bizarre. New Wave titan Claude Chabrol has taken us into this void more times that I can possibly count, but somehow I'm always glad to return. There is, after all, a great deal to be said for the privilege of reliving someone else's nightmares.

Like most of this director's films, **Wedding In Blood** concerns itself with a love triangle among members of the French *haute bourgeoisie*, features Stephane Audran (Chabrol's wife) in the lead and pays due respects to Alfred Hitchcock. But the exciting news—especially in the wake of the last two Chabrol films released here, the flaccid *Le Boucher* and the disastrous *Ten Days Wonder*—is that this new movie is tightly constructed, meticulously icy in tone and often quite funny in a manner that is (depending on your perspective) either deliciously or obscenely neurotic. Chabrol's fans will be additionally thrilled to know that eating scenes are still his favorite device for decimating middle-class manners; he also throws in a cuckolded husband who sleeps with his fists clenched, a nearly catatonic teenage girl who makes pronouncements like "I've never seen anyone dead—that interests me," and an illicit land deal by which the town of Valençay's deputy mayor aspires to build a plastics factory on the grounds of a 60-room chateau, the community's most prized tourist attraction.

As usual the protagonists are driven to murder by their desire to flee the "dead calm" (as one of them puts it) that suffocates their lives. Of course it never occurs to them that there are easier ways out—like leaving town, for starters—and it's this propensity for confronting the obvious with the most drastic means imaginable that makes Chabrol's people so blithefully absurd and his works so engrossingly tense. In his greatest movies—*Les Biches, The Champagne Murders*, and *La Rupture* — this filmmaker even moves beyond his central intellectual design by ripping the material open at its narrative and stylistic seams, thereby setting off orgiastic cataclysms of pure insanity. *Wedding in Blood* does not operate at that level, but it's a hard-edged and wholly entertaining gem which can well take its place beside such fine, similar Chabrol movies as *This Man Must Die* and *La Femme Infidele*.

I'm probably accentuating the obvious by adding that Mlle. Audran continues to be one of the movies' most fascinating enigmas; this time around, she gets good support from Michel Piccoli and Claude Pieplu, who play the legs to her hypotenuse.

Stephane Audran and Michel Piccoli, as they meet for illicit fun and games in Chabrol's *Wedding in Blood*.

Make no mistake about it, **Frankenstein**, the latest oeuvre from the Andy Warhol film factory, is the curiosity of this movie year—a 3-D Bavarian spectacular featuring a woman-hating baron (Udo Kier) intent on creating a master race in his spooky underground lab, his nymphomaniac sister-cum-wife (Monique Van Vooren!) and, it goes without saying, everybody's favorite innocent male stud (Joe Dallesandro). The man behind it all, director-writer Paul Morrissey (who was also responsible for *Flesh*, *Trash* and *Heat*), continues to be one of our few truly original native wits; in this outing the operative influences on his grand scheme include just about every Hollywood mad-scientist horror movie ever made, certain pictorial aspects of Dadaism and the usual screwy reflexes of gay/camp pop culture.

Granted, *Frankenstein* is not for all tastes. The movie is graphically littered with human entrails, and, in one memorable scene, the baron reaches orgasm by literally ripping open a woman's torso and sticking his hand inside to feel up her gall bladder. Although I'm normally squeamish when it comes to gore, I soon came to accept the kidneys, livers, hearts, et. al in the warped spirit of good fun with which Morrissey displays them. I have to admit—sick as it may sound—that I practically fell out of my seat with laughter during that moment when a blood-spurting body does a prolonged death rattle of a jig—shortly after its head had been sheared off.

The 3-D process, which requires the wearing of special glasses, works fairly well, especially when bats or some poor soul's intestines come flying into the foreground. (Close-ups, though, can be dizzying.) At times Morrissey, like a kid with a new toy, takes brief detours away from the action to show us a "special effect" or two—thus manifesting the kind of naivete that I always find charming in his pictures. Unfortunately the screenplay slows down a noticeable bit during the final half hour—an affliction that also plagued Woody Allen and Mel Brooks' most recent comedies—but, given what comes before, it's hard to resent the lethargic conclusion too much.

As for what it all means, you'll have to look elsewhere for guidance. On the other hand, maybe the baron himself sums it all up when, after dry-humping a bloodied stiff in his lab, he exclaims Teutonically to his bug-eyed assistant: "To know death, Otto, you've got to fuck life!" You've got to love it, right?

Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson, who co-directed and (with Gayle Glecker) co-wrote **The Lords of Flatbush**, define their motorcycle-jacketed heroes (whose "social athletic club" gives the film its title) exclusively in terms of canned vignettes—some amusing, most not—that exist coordinately rather than build on each other. That's why this portrait of some cruising Brooklyn high school seniors c. 1957 drops dead on the screen—as entertainment, as social observation and as an exercise in plucky, independent filmmaking. By the time the pseudo-climax rolls around, with its touch of violence and mawkish philosophizing, one realizes that the project's underpinnings have more in common with American *bullshiti* than *American Graffiti*.

The creators are far better off when they detail the story's working-class Italian-Jewish milieu—a place of dingy malt shops and pool halls, where Manhattan is referred to as "New York City" and "my friend" is slang for a menstrual period (as in, inevitably, "my friend is late"). An amiable enough cast includes Perry King as a greaser who falls for a proper blond-soxer (Susan Blakely) and Sylvester Stallone and Maria Smith as a couple who mortgage away the future for a $1,600 engagement ring bought on a "lay-away" plan.

MUSIC

Ringo and Harry—Harry and Ringo

By Janet Maslin

Harry Nilsson was moping around his Los Angeles apartment in 1968 or so, rueing the day he ever gave up the bank computer job to devote himself to pop music, when his phone rang. It was John Lennon, calling from London to tell Harry that he [Harry] was terrific. A day later, Paul McCartney called to deliver a similar message. The way Harry tells it, "The third morning I woke up early, poured a cup of coffee, lit a cigarette and waited for Ringo to call. But he never did."

Somewhere in the intervening six years, though, he must have; Harry and Ringo have by now struck up an extremely tight friendship. It's also a business relationship of sorts, what with each one doing guest spots on the other's records (Harry sings the ooh-wahs on Ringo's recent "You're Sixteen"). Their most lengthy collaboration so far has been on *Son of Dracula* (Harry as star,

Harry and Ringo in matching sunglasses: singing each other's ooh-wahs.

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Ringo as producer), a two-year-old opus billed as a rock-and-roll horror movie. In order to lend *Dracula*'s debut showing the appearance of a star-studded world premiere, Harry and Ringo recently journeyed to Atlanta and made a series of tandem public appearances on the film's behalf.

Now Atlanta—or Transatlanta, as it was being called that weekend—is reputed to be a pretty good music town. And if it lacks the rock media clout of, say, New York, it's also conveniently devoid of big-league film critics who might publicly take a dim view of the picture. Besides, the rock press is notoriously moveable. So RCA simply imported a group of writers, along with some of its own top brass, to witness the staging of the festivities.

There we all were, hanging around a runway of the Atlanta airport in the company of a Memphis RCA rep (in full cape and fangs) waiting for Harry and Ringo. They arrived at 3:15, which proved to be quite an opportune time; school was already out, a local radio station had been "leaking" the "top-secret" arrival time for days, and there were at least a hundred kids lined up inside the terminal waiting to wave. Rumor had it that Keith Moon (who drums one number in the picture) and John Lennon (best known lately for having been tossed out of the Troubadour with Harry) might be tagging along, but rumor had it wrong. The only other notable to disembark, when they finally did touch down, was Harry's mother.

We traveled back to the hotel in two limousines and a hearse, with Ringo and Harry's limo threatening to overheat in traffic while two guys on a Honda pulled up alongside to snap pictures. Then there was a press conference, at which one award was presented (to Harry, from an unidentified Dutch group), a great many silly questions were asked and two important things were established: the Beatles aren't getting back together just yet, and Harry has trouble when it comes to meeting his public. He never does concerts, seldom gives interviews and doesn't seem used to high-pressure situations, or maybe he was just nervous about the film. Ringo, however, is about as natural as they come, and absolutely anything he says gets a laugh. The high point of the conference came when someone asked for Ringo's autograph, and Ringo asked for ten dollars.

We were all sequestered up on the third floor, with a cadre of security officers to keep the riffraff out (actually, the only sign of party-crashing I noticed came over my telephone, when a giggly female caller asked if Ringo were there). During the late-afternoon nap recess, I went down the hall and talked briefly with Harry, who was now flanked by mother, father, sister and girlfriend and growing testier by the minute. He told me that Mick Jagger had been another possibility for the Dracula role, and that the woman photographer who claimed Lennon slugged her outside the Troubadour hadn't even been slugged at all. "She wasn't even a photographer," he insisted. "She was just a 51-year-old groupie with an Instamatic."

Harry told math jokes over dinner ("If a train has ten cars and it goes into a one-mile tunnel at 100 mph, what's the conductor's name?"), while Ringo stuck a napkin on his face and put his glasses on over it. A surprise violin and accordion ensemble came out to play "As Time Goes By," at Harry's request. Then, after having run through a staggering amount of wine, everyone made it to the limousines as best they could and headed for the theater. Fortunately for us all, I remember the half hour preceding the picture a lot better than I remember *Son of Dracula* itself: Harry and Ringo sat placidly in their seats while hordes of chattering kids took pictures of them. One girl, who had landed on my right leg, explained that "Ringo's a Beatle, he's a good drummer, he's a legend and I'm madly in love with him. I'm gonna be another Linda Eastman, you'll see." She had a copy of Harry's "Daybreak" single tucked into her belt, so I figure she liked him, too.

As I said, I can't remember much about the movie, except that if Harry can't act that's nothing compared to the way he lip-synchs; the music (all old songs but "Daybreak") came off well but hopelessly prefab. The music and some dialogue are available on a soundtrack album on "Rapple Records," the label of which cleverly symbolizes the Nilsson-Starr camaraderie (a fanged RCA dog taking a bite out of an apple). Anyway, copies of the soundtrack were apparently passed out at the theater, to an audience that the record trade press would later refer to as a very lucky group, since they got to hear Harry and Ringo's personal comments about the picture. I wish there were more to say about that, but all I remember is Ringo yelling, "Watch 'is ear!" in a scene where Harry gives it a mysterious wiggle.

I turned in at a mere 2:30, thus inadvertently missing a chance to hear the tape of Harry's new album, which he played through—twice—for the revelers back at the hotel. Word was that the album is quite good, but the only thing anyone remembered for sure is that there's a version of "Here We Go Loop De Loop" on it. Anyway, I figured I'd have to be getting up early if I wanted to talk to Ringo the next morning, but that proved to be a serious miscalculation. He was awake at 1:30, but only just barely. One of Ringo's *Dracula* associates—either dead or comatose until midafternoon—had the hotel ready to call out the crowbar squad the next day. No amount of telephoning or frantic door-pounding (the Garden Club of America had the third floor reserved for that day) could make him budge.

When I finally reached Ringo, he was stuffing a number of purple and black garments into his suitcase and groping his way very gingerly about the room. "*You* were drunk? I was out of my *brain*," he said. Ringo was pretty sure that, had he been in a position to notice, he might have been disappointed by audience reaction ("there's a lot of it I thought they should have laughed at that they didn't"). But he wasn't particularly taking that to heart: "You know how it is. The first night always gets a bit too serious."

If he was complaining at all, it was about Freddie Francis, a horror-picture veteran (*Tales from the Crypt*) and *Dracula*'s director. "Freddie did the horror bits okay, but he got a bit lost on the rock and roll. I should have directed those parts myself." When Ringo and Harry came to look at Francis' first rough cut of the picture, Ringo "felt like jumpin' out a window. Harry and I sat up all night, as we often do, and went through the movie frame by frame, thinking up changes we might make in it. I hope it's better than it was, but then"—he rubbed his bloodshot eyes again—"I suppose it's too late to worry about that now."

Deeltively Bonnaroo *Dr. John* (Atco). Only the Doctor knows what the title means, but then only he understands the gumbo arithmetic he's been pioneering on cuts like "R U 4 Real" and "Me – You = Loneliness." His former interest (during his "Night Tripper" era) in psychedelia has lately been displaced by a more traditional (but just as idiosyncratic) New Orleans sound, shown off to its best advantage on about half the cuts here, and on his *In the Right Place* album, which immediately preceded this one. A bit repetitive this time, but as funny and sly and brilliantly produced (by Allen Toussaint) as ever.—**Janet Maslin**

All Blues *Ron Carter* (CTI). Like Elvin Jones, Ron Carter is one of the rare musicians whose mere accompaniments can be as enjoyable as most men's solos—especially when he's as excellently recorded as he is on this date by Rudy Van Gelder. When he does step out, on his four-minute overdubbed solo, "Will You Still Be Mine," he plays some of the most complex bass lines he's ever recorded. The musical context here is unchallenging but Ron is never unadventurous; and he shows why, despite the great florescence lately of brilliant young bassists, he remains in the inner circle, as perfect as ever.—**Peter Occhiogrosso**

Paradise and Lunch *Ry Cooder* (Warner Bros.). Ry Cooder's four albums don't sound entirely alike (the last one, *Boomer's Story*, was much more simply produced than this), but picking the best of the lot would be just plain impossible, they're all that good. Cooder is both a spectacular guitarist, in a wide range of styles, and one of the foremost interpreters of wry Americana currently in business. So half the fun is always in seeing what he picks for material; this time he revises one rock-and-roll standard ("It's All Over Now") in a reggae light, and lends one spiritual ("Jesus on the Mainline") the tinniest sound imaginable. This album showcases his wit as well as his musicianship, most notably on "If Walls Could Talk" and "Ditty Wa Ditty" (in which a naive narrator never quite figures out what the title phrase refers to), and offers up one especially nice arranging touch (an all-male chorus on most cuts). Truly outstanding.—**J. M.**

Eddie Kendricks *Boogie Down* (Motown). After two solo albums (since his split with the Temptations), it appeared that Eddie was destined to be a "one hit" man. Gearing all his energies into making that main hit, he left the balance of his previous albums totally dull, dull, dull. But he compensates for his past dullness with his newest album. The title tune, "Boogie Down," vocally and instrumentally funky, has everyone's feet slidin' and hips glidin'. It has boogied right to the top to give him his second consecutive gold hit. He doesn't stop there; with almost, but not quite, the same tribal and magnetic beat, he swings into "Son of Sagittarius." Eddie is learning how to distribute his energy, and, with that in mind, he has created an album that is worth listening to when the boogie stops.—**Cynthia Wilson**

Ron Carter: in the inner circle of brilliant young bassists.

Spinners *Mighty Love* (Atlantic). Ultracool lyrics, elaborate orchestration and the ingenious arranging and producing of Thom Bell complements the flamboyant singing style of the Mighty Spinners' newest album. Whatever mood you desire, this album will take you there. Romantic, heartwarming ballads—"Love Don't Love Nobody" and "He Can't Love You Like I Do"—stimulate the mind, body and soul to enhance the Spinners' rep of laying out mean ballads. The title tune, "Mighty Love," catapults you into a funky (but classy) mood; nonstop upbeat tempo, musically and rhythmically mellow, it is the first hit culled from this album. Watch out—there's more to follow.—**C.W.**

Cup Full of Dreams *Sugarcane Harris* (BASF). For a so-called pop musician who came to attention originally through John Mayall and Frank Zappa, Sugarcane has developed a technique on electric violin that approaches the highest levels of practition (as in Leroy Jenkins). He certainly exploits its *electric* possibilities, and with equal success avoids the classical violin sound that dominates the work of Jean-Luc Ponty and Jerry Goodman. But even when he settles back into a merely entertaining groove, he's far beyond the field. This album is a bit overproduced in spots and not as great as his earlier *Got the Blues* (BASF), but is always at least entertaining.—**P.O.**

Blessed Assurance *Marion Williams* (Atlantic). Marion Williams has perhaps the finest pure voice in all of improvised music today, a voice of enormous size and sweetness, capable of crushing, breathy lows, highs beyond high and, in spite of its oceanic surge, a real finesse unknown to more "precious" vocalists. Unfortunately, that fine gospel voice is subverted on this recording by a chorus equally enormous in size but quite less sweet. The numbers wander on aimlessly, giving us only brief, telescopic glimpses of Marion's extraordinary capacities. The glimpses are exceedingly bright when they come, but they are few and are not singled out by the haphazard production. Catch her live if you can.—**P.O.**

BOOKS

Uncrossing my legs

By Geoffrey Wolff

My Life as a Man *by Philip Roth.* Holt, Rinehart & Winston (330 pp., $8.95).

Like the girl who can't say no, I can't seem to stop writing about Philip Roth. When I was the book critic of the Washington *Post,* I called *Portnoy's Complaint* "the most important book of my generation," and my inventory of admirations ended with a question that seemed at the time innocently rhetorical: "What more can be said, what more asked for?" The answer, to both parts, is *plenty.* Before a month had passed, I was publicly crying up Portnoy again.

About a year later, after I had joined *Newsweek* as its books editor, I was sent the page proofs of "On the Air," a remarkable short story by Roth about to be printed in *New American Review, Number 10.* Now the editors of *Newsweek* don't much like to review collections of short stories, let alone single stories, but my enthusiasm was high and they were indulgent, and I was set at liberty to write about Roth's yarn the longest review I committed during my two years with the magazine. Well, sure enough, I was getting a reputation among Roth's editors as an easy lay. One sent me the manuscript of *Our Gang,* another sent me the manuscript of *The Breast,* asking for a dust jacket blessing, and for *The Breast* I gave it.

Like anyone frequently seduced, I sometimes wonder, after the heavy breathing eases, whether I've been honestly had. It's not as though there's been a lot in it for me, loving up Roth's books the way I have. I had a gracious letter from him once, and we met at a friend's apartment but shot away from each other after a word or two, in embarrassment I guess. Such affection as I've shown for his work can only be expressed at a distance, and in formal cadence, so there's no chance that he and his advertiser will become, as they say, *involved.* What's worried me most is not my virtue, but my sense. Was *Portnoy's Complaint* really that good? (Sure it was.) It seemed past time for a bit of reticence, so when Roth's editor sent me galleys of this new novel, I wished he hadn't. His proposal was naked enough: "If you are as high on it as we are I hope you will want to review it for one of the newspapers or magazines for which you write." I crossed my legs.

Then I read it, and it's wonderful, a delicately textured fiction that works close to the horns of fact, a fiction whose conception and formal execution are breathtaking—just a goddamned dream of a book. It's divided in two sections. The first consists of two short stories and

Philip Roth: his motives as an artist are beyond serious dispute.

the second section is the autobiography of the short stories' fictional author, Peter Tarnopol. The short stories, about a teacher and author named Zuckerman, stand to Tarnopol's "True Story" as this novel stands to the story of the author and teacher named Philip Roth. It is in this sense a detective novel in which several look-alike hawkshaws patiently piece together, from doctored evidence and false leads, a story of petty crimes and awful punishments. It confronts in candor and with bravura the uneasy relationship between an artist's material and his art. That it manages to demonstrate the self-serving use a writer makes of his friends and kinsmen without resorting to blowsy metaphysics is not the least of the virtues of *My Life as a Man.* As Tarnopol exploits the circumstances of his middle-class Jewish history for the sake of his short stories (taking liberties with his family's feelings), so does Tarnopol's analyst trumpet Tarnopol's depressed spirit in a monograph that crudely—artlessly, let's say—disguises the analysand.

When *Portnoy's Complaint* was published, the lamentations—as though you've forgotten—were loud in the land. The literate among the congregations would meet in the basement rooms of their synagogues and debate whether Roth was a bad Jew or a terrible Jew. And there would always be some outraged citizen in the back of the room whose cousin's best friend had gone to high school in Newark with Roth and had known way back then that the guy couldn't keep it in his pants. There were stories of people yelling at Roth from across New York streets—GETTING ANY?—as though the inventor and his invention were indistinguishable. Such a confusion was as absurd as it was impudent.

So it seemed. But perhaps even then, and certainly now, Roth deliberately elected to flush from his id home truths, then to adjust them and arrange them in such a way as to translate them into fiction without in any way violating their integrity, to take his facts as he found them. His motives as an artist are by now beyond serious dispute; his motives as a man are becoming clearer: there are fears and doubts in this man he means to exorcise.

Roth, like Tarnopol, has been in analysis. Roth, like Tarnopol, endured a miserable marriage, and his wife, like Tarnopol's, died in an automobile accident. To invoke even this little bit of Roth's personal history would be vulgar and beyond any critical point were it not for what seems to be the author's invitation, by means of scrupulously selected circumstantial parallels, that we join him to the fictional character he has devised.

Theodore Solotaroff, in a 1969 essay called "Philip Roth: A Personal

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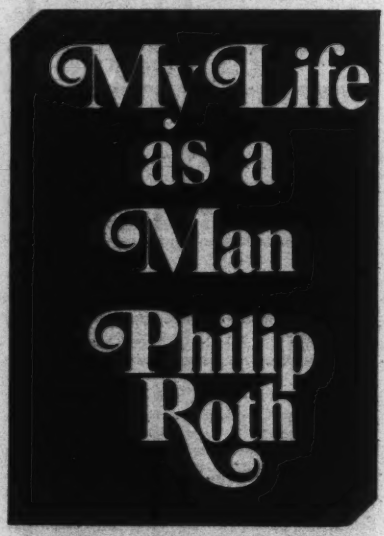
View," used his friendship with Roth to light up the background of the author's fictions. He could scarcely be accused of having committed a breach of trust, since his own life had been picked over to provide flesh for Paul Herz in *Letting Go*: "Like a good many other citizens of Hyde Park," Solotaroff said, "my wife and I furnished a trait here, an anecdote there."

The fundamental source for Roth's new novel is not his friends, not even the raw material of his own life. Rather it is his apprehension of his life as that apprehension has already been recorded in *Goodbye, Columbus,* in *Letting Go,* in *When She Was Good,* in *Portnoy's Complaint,* even in *The Breast.* If *The Breast* does some comic turns on the fantastical kind of nightmare that translated Kafka's hero into a cockroach and Gogol's into a nose, *My Life as a Man* is an attempt at a graver, less flamboyant metamorphosis, from whatever spiritual Ur-muck that precedes manhood into manhood. One of the most frequently and justly quoted passages in *Portnoy's Complaint* is Portnoy's furious charge to his analyst, Dr. Otto (*now vee may perhaps to begin*) Spielvogel: "Doctor Spielvogel, this is my life, my only life, and I'm living it in the middle of a Jewish joke! I am the son in the Jewish joke—*only it ain't no joke!*" It was a terrific joke, of course; it even shut down on a punch line, and no amount of fear and trembling as subtext could kill the novel's laughs. But to keep laughing it was necessary to slip fast past a few things, like the end of Portnoy's complaint to his analyst that he's living a joke. His diatribe closes on a kind of prayer: "Bless me with manhood! Make me brave! Make me strong! Make me *whole!*"

Spielvogel's back again, but here he has no power to perform magic. He's merely another ego-raddled guy on the make, using Tarnopol's misery to feed his own writing. If *Portnoy's Complaint* was designed to resemble a prolonged confession from the couch, *My Life as a Man* is designed as the most artful kind of autobiography, composed at the desk. The persona here is no wild man, no Lenny Bruce, no Portnoy, no relentless jerk-off: "But, you see, it was not as an animal that I wished to be a star—it was decidedly *not* horsiness, goatishness, foxiness, lionliness, or beastliness in any form that I aspired to. I wanted to be humanish, manly, a man."

Sex for Tarnopol is mostly sweat and muscle aches. Guilt and responsibility are his vices, together with an unlucky attraction to unlucky shiksas. The second of the two stories that precede Tarnopol's autobiography, a story called "Courting Disaster," holds the refined elements from Tarnopol's miserable ore. Its hero, Zuckerman, is a teacher who marries a pale, sad, stoic student who has suffered incest and a brutal marriage. She kills herself, and Zuckerman (some Humbert Humbert!) runs off to Italy with his stepdaughter. Or, in another version given the same beginning, the sad family, teacher, wife and ignorant stepdaughter endure as one another's prisoners.

In fact, Tarnopol has been tricked into believing that a girl he does not love—Maureen—is pregnant by him, and



he marries her, and she devotes herself to torturing him. She fails in a suicide attempt, and dies accidentally, and seems thereby to free Tarnopol. Yet the way *My Life as a Man* is announced in a bogus "Note to the Reader" suggests that Tarnopol is dead and that this document, taken all in all, is his own suicide note. The book's question is this: *Why does Tarnopol unman himself?*

He's had good breaks, he's a highly regarded novelist, girls find him easy on the eye, he's a good teacher. His parents are not Portnoy's. His mother, whether seen as Zuckerman's or Tarnopol's, has dignity and grace. His father is brave, a long-distance runner who provides and supports and doesn't complain, a mensch sure enough. He's the victim of a mess of bitches. The worst, Maureen, is an elaboration on the relentless Lucy of Roth's unJewish, Midwestern novel, *When She Was Good,* a brilliant ventriloquism. But why does he let himself be diddled by bitches?

Literature is the villain. Tarnopol repudiated the culture of his parents and studied literature not as a discipline, at least not at first, but as a means of civilizing himself. From literature he learned the elegant seductions of suffering, as Portnoy learned them from the story of the Six Million, force-fed by his mother. From literature he learned to love suffering before he had left college, even though "his own sufferings had by and large been confined up till then to the dentist's chair." Tarnopol has taken aboard a killing dose of Great Books and tragic heroes.

Spielvogel cannot comprehend that art can command a man's destiny more fatally than can childhood or sexual sturm und drang. *The Brothers Karamazov, The Scarlet Letter, The Trial, Death in Venice, Anna Karenina*: these are the models that Tarnopol teaches, and has learned everything from. "Literature got me into this and literature is gonna have to get me out." I've never figured out what people like Roth can do in analysis. There can't be many men alive quicker to understand the line a story should take, how it should be colored, what it suggests. How could Spielvogel teach Tarnopol his story, or explicate its meaning? How could a writer like Roth give away his best stuff, his deepest ore, at fifty bucks an hour paid? I missed the point, of course. He was making up, not breaking down; he was taking from himself, not giving himself away. Literature, not analysis, has been Roth's salvation. If Tarnopol has been killed off, that's the bed his story's stream must follow. Roth's alive, better believe it:

"His *self* is to many a novelist what his own physiognomy is to a painter of portraits: the closest subject at hand demanding scrutiny, a problem for his art to solve—given the enormous obstacles to truthfulness, *the* artistic problem. He is not simply looking into the mirror because he is transfixed by what he sees. Rather, the artist's success depends as much as anything on his powers of detachment, on denarcissizing himself. That's where the excitement comes in!"

The excitement for me comes from Roth's gritty and resourceful use of literature as a way to salvation, maybe even personal salvation. It comes from a new grace note he's never sung before, a word—*forebearance*—I've not known him before to much use that he uses here again and again. And it comes from his continued growth, his artistic manliness. So, again, *what more can be asked for?*

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Zumwalt gives up the ship

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Christopher Tilghman

Late in the summer of 1970 Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, then recently promoted to Chief of Naval Operations, visited the supply ship on which I was unhappily serving as personnel officer. In the few months since he had assumed command of the Navy, Zumwalt had established himself as a reformer, a tireless enemy of Mickey Mouse regulations. Disaffected young officers and sailors, as well as the career men for whom a visit from the CNO was a distinct honor, looked forward to seeing who this man was. As it turned out, the visit was brief and carefully orchestrated: petitions and lists of grievances never found their way to him, no one told him what the Navy was *really* like, and when he left, the ship continued every bit as unreformed as before. Yet I do remember a second-class radarman, a career sailor, bursting into my office just after Zumwalt's arrival, screaming, "You won't believe his sideburns."

Yes, sideburns were about to lengthen in the Navy, and hair, even mustaches and beards (nothing exotic, of course), were about to reappear among the ranks. Zumwalt, who, at 49, was the youngest CNO ever and had been promoted over 30 superiors, didn't like "demeaning or abrasive regulations," and he began his tour with a flurry of reform directives. "Z-Grams," they came to be called, and included among them were provisions for longer hair, liquor and beer in shore quarters, civilian clothes for liberty, more reasonable duty schedules, shorter deployments, more substantive responsibilities for junior officers and chief petty officers. During the first few months, four or five Z-Grams a week went out to the fleet.

For the young officers and enlisted men, the scent of reform was intoxicating. It seems absurd now, pathetic, but at the time, Zumwalt's sideburns seemed unbelievable, lawless; each Z-Gram, however trivial, seemed to turn the Navy upside down, to vindicate all our impatience, to justify the opinion summed up by the oft-heard remark, "The Navy sucks." Trivial or not, most of the Z-Grams had a profound effect on the quality of Navy life. Little things, like an end to "big flap" inspections, began to make it possible to be human as well as Navy, to live a life as well as a career.

Or would have, if the reforms had been followed faithfully. Perhaps even Zumwalt underestimated the degree to which his reforms would be vigilantly resisted by the majority of senior officers in the fleet. One of my duties during this time was to research and to recommend the proper implementation of each Z-Gram as it arrived aboard ship. But what my superiors really expected of me was to find loopholes, to compose justifications for non-implementation, to persuade the crew (and myself) we weren't getting screwed. Yes, beards are permitted, but since they interfere with the proper fit of gas masks, they are not permitted. Also, beards are a fire hazard.

By the time of the race riots aboard the *Kitty Hawk*, the *Hassayampa*, the *Saratoga*, the *Newport News* and, of course, the *Constellation*, most of Zumwalt's reforms were at least nominally in effect, but the forces against him had hardened. To the broad base of senior officers, Zumwalt and his goddamned reforms had gone too far. Permissiveness had made the natives restless. Zumwalt, they said, had denied them the traditional disciplinary machinery which could have taken care of the upstart niggers long before the problem reached riot proportions.

Fully a third of the Z-Grams had dealt with black needs; most of them had been ignored or implemented with the slenderest enthusiasm. When the riots broke out, the hard-liners viewed them—correctly—as Zumwalt's Waterloo. The reaction that set in could never undo or unmake the changes which had occurred, nor was Zumwalt, who still held the power, willing to step back. But the weight of opinion swung decidedly against Zumwalt's experiment. And the liberal press, with which Zumwalt had enjoyed considerable stature, began to fault him on the superficiality of his efforts, to condemn him for his inability to deal with more weighty matters.

This June, Zumwalt's tour is up. From the beginning, most of his efforts were intended to raise the dismal reenlistment rate and to attract qualified volunteers to a Navy career. His Z-Grams had little effect on my reenlistment plans: to reform the Navy to suit my taste he would have dismantled it. Even during the time I was admiring him for his reforms, I was condemning him for his continued enthusiasm for Vietnam. He was the friend to all the hippies in blue, but he himself was as squared-away a lifer as they come. The ambiguities and ambivalences of his position abound, but I respect Admiral Zumwalt for what he tried to do—even if it didn't work—and I wish him well. In the words of the obligatory Navy farewell, not a dry eye on the ship, may he enjoy a fair wind and following seas. ●

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

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JAMES L. TUMAN

HOME: Detroit, Michigan

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Community Relations Specialist

HOBBIES: Gliding, bobsledding, white-water canoeing, para-sailing.

LAST BOOK READ: "How I Found Freedom In An Unfree World"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created and organized Veteran's Referral Switchboard in 11 cities, nationwide program to aid veterans returning to civilian life.

QUOTE: "Time permits broad vistas of exploration in life but only brings meaning to those who know its value."

PROFILE: Dynamic. Socially conscious. Determined to leave a positive mark.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

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